THE

Count of *GABALIS*:

Or, The

Extravagant Myſteries

OF THE

Cabaliſts,

EXPOSED

In Five Pleaſant Diſcourſes

On The

Secret Sciences.

Quod tanto impendio abſconditur, etiam ſolummodò demonſtrare, deſtruere eſt. Tertullian.

Done into Engliſh,

By *P. A.* Gent.

With Short Animadverſions.

London, Printed for *B. M.* Printer to the Cabaliſtical Society of the Sages, at the Sign of the *Roſy-Cruſian*,

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A LETTER TO MY LORD

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MY LORD,

YOU *have alwayes ſhown your ſelf ſo Generous to your Friends, that I cannot believe, but you will pardon the Liberty I take, in behalf of one of the beſt of Mine; which is, to beſeech you, to be ſo kind to him, as to take the pains to read over his Book. I go not about to engage you in the following Part, which my Friend, the* Author, *promiſes to publiſh hereafter; ſince I know, theſe* Authors *are apt to give us large Hopes, of what they in-*

tend, but often fail. I told him plainly, That you esteem it a great Point of Honor, never to say any thing, but what you think; and that he should not flatter himself to imagine, you would put off a Quality so rare, and so new in the Court, to say his Book is Good, if you find it otherwise. But that which I now desire of your Lordship, and which I humbly beg, you will not deny me, is, to decide a Difference we have had betwixt us. You should not, my Lord, *have engrossed to your self, such a prodigious Stock of Knowledge and Learning, if you have not a mind to be Consulted, before the greatest Doctors. This, Sir, is the Dispute, which I have had with my Friend.*

I would have perswaded him, to have changed the whole Frame of his Work; for this Droling way, of carrying it thus on, does not to me, seem proper to his Subject. These Mysteries of the Cabal (*said I to him*) *are serious Maters, which many of my Friends do seriously study: They should therefore be Refuted by the Strength of solid Arguments. And as their Errors are generally on things Divine; the which, (besides the difficulty*

we

we have, to make a Wiſe Man laugh indeed, at any Subject whatſoever) are certainly moſt dangerous to jeſt with: And we may very well fear, leſt it ſhould caſt a Scandal on our Religion. 'Tis true, he muſt make a Cabaliſt *ſpeak like a Saint, or elſe he improperly manages the Character; and if he does ſo ſpeak like a Saint, he impoſes on weak Judgments, by this appearance of Sanctity; and probably, ſhall induce Men to entertain a belief of theſe Extravagancies, more than all his Drolling ſhall be able to Refute.*

To this, my Friend anſwer'd, with the ſame Preſumption, which Authors are accuſtomed to do, when they vindicate their Works: That though theſe Cabaliſtick Myſteries *be ſo ſerious; yet are there none but Melancholly Perſons, who addict themſelves to the Study of them. That ſhould he fall point blank on this Subject, in a Dogmatick Method, he himſelf would become Ridiculous, for treating ſeriouſly on ſuch Fooleries: And that he judged it more to the purpoſe, to turn all this Ridicule on the* Count of Gabalis. *The* Secret Sciences *of the* Cabal, *are of the number of thoſe* Chy-

mæras; *to which we give moſt Authority, when we diſpute againſt them ſoberly: and that we ſhould not therefore undertake to baffle and deſtroy them, but by jeering. And he being read in the* Fathers, *alledged to me* Tertullian. *Your* Lordſhip, *that underſtands them better than either He, or I do, may judge whether he has quoted him true or no:* Multa ſunt riſu digna revinci, ne gravitate adorentur. *He ſaid, That* Tertullian *uſed this Excellent Saying, againſt the* Valentinians, *who were a kind of very Fanatick* Roſy-Cruſians, *in his Dayes.*

As to the Devotion, which is almoſt in every part of this Work: It is an inevitable Neceſſity (ſaid he) that a Caballiſt *ſhould ſpeak of* God. *But then again, it is obſervable in this Peece, That there is a more inevitable Neceſſity, for the keeping up this* Caballiſtick Character, *that* God *is never ſpoken of, but with Extream Reſpect: So that Religion cannot receive any Blemmiſh by it; and weak Judgments ſhall be more infatuated with it, than the* Lord Gabalis, *when they ſuffer themſelves to be Bewitched by this Extravagant Devotion;*

if

if the Railery uſed herein, obſtruct not the Charm.

By theſe his Reaſons, (my Lord) *and many others, which I ſhall forbear to repeat to you* (*becauſe I am very Ambitious, to make you of my Party*) *My Friend pretends, he ought to have writ againſt the* Cabal, *in this pleaſant Manner. Your* Lordſhip, *I hope, will be pleaſed, to decide this Controverſy. I affirm, It would be moſt proper, to proceed againſt the* Cabaliſts, *or* Roſy-Cruſians, *and againſt all their* Secret Sciences, *by ſerious and vigorous Arguments. He ſayes, That Truth is naturally Brisk and Gay; and that ſhe is moſt powerful, when ſhe Laughs: becauſe one of the Antients, whom without doubt, you know, ſayes, in a certain place,* (*which you cannot chuſe, but call to mind, being endued with ſo Faithful a Memory*) Convenit veritati ridere, quia lætans.

He added, That the Secret Sciences *are dangerous, if we meddle not with them in ſuch a manner, as may inſpire us with Contempt againſt them; by painting out their Ridiculous Myſteries, and preventing the Worlds loſing time,*

in ſearch after them; by ſhewing the Vanity and End of them, and diſplaying their Extravagancy. Pray, (my Lord) *declare your Sentence, having heard our Reaſons. I ſhall receive your Deciſion, with that Reſpect, with which you know, I am alwayes obliged to acknowledg my ſelf.*

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhips

Servitoriſſimo.

Count

Count *GABALIS*:

Or, The Extravagant Myſteries Of the *CABALISTS*. OR, ROSY-CRUSIANS.

Expoſed in Five Pleaſant Diſcourſes on the Secret *Sciences*

Diſcourſe the Firſt.

GOD reſt the Soul of Monſieur the *Count of Gabalis!* who, as they Write me news, is lately dead of an *Apoplexy*. Now, the *Cabaliſts* will not fail to ſay, That this kind of Death

is ordinary to thoſe, who imprudently manage the Secrets of the *Sages*; and that, ſince the Bleſſed *Ramundus Lullius* has Pronounced the Sentence in his Laſt Will and Teſtament, a *Deſtroying-Angel* has ever been ready to *ſtrangle* in a Moment, all thoſe who have indiſcreetly Revealed the *Phyloſophick-Myſteries*.

But let them not ſo raſhly condemn this Wiſe Man, without having better Information of his Conduct. 'Tis true, He has diſcovered all to me; but not without all the *Cabaliſtick* Circumſpections requiſite. I muſt do him the right, in giving this Teſtimony to his Memory, That he was a great Zealot for the *Religion* of his Fathers, the *Philoſophers*; and that he would have ſuffered the Flames, rather than have Prophaned the Sanctity of it, by diſcloſing it to any Unworthy

thy Prince, to any Ambitious Perſon, or to one that was Incontinent; three ſorts of People, Excommunicated in all Ages by the Wiſe. By good Fortune, I am no Prince; I have little Ambition; and by the Sequel of this Diſcourſe, it may be ſeen, that I have a little more Chaſtity, than a *Sage* needs have. I am endued with a Docible Wit, curious of Knowledge, and Bold enough: I want but a little Melancholly, to make all thoſe who would blame the *Count of Gabalis*, confeſs, that he needed not have concealed any thing from me, in regard I was a Subject proper enough for the Secret Sciences. It is true, that without Melancholly, no great Progreſs can be made therein: But this little Stock of it that I have, was enough to make me not to be rejected by them. You (has he ſaid a hundred times

to me) have *Saturn* in an Angle, in his Houſe, and Retrograde; you cannot fail, one of theſe days, of being as Melancholly, as a *Sage* ought to be: For the Wiſeſt of all Men (as we know in the *Cabal*) had, as you have, *Jupiter* in the Aſcendant. And yet, it was never obſerved, that he ever ſo much as once Laughed, in all his Life-time; ſo powerful was his *Saturn* in him, though it was certainly weaker than yours.

'Tis then my *Saturn*, and not Monſieur the Count of *Gabalis*, that the *Virtuoſi* muſt Quarrel with, if I affect more the Divulging of their Secrets, than the Practiſing of Them. If the *Stars* do not their Duty, the *Count* is not in the Fault: And if I have not a *Soul* Great enough to attempt, to become Maſter of Nature, to turn the Elements up-ſide down, to entertain the

Su-

Supreme Intelligences, to command the *Dæmons*, to beget *Gyants*, to create New Worlds, to ſpeak to *God* in his High Throne, and to oblige the *Cherubin*, which defends the Entrance of *Paradice*, to let me come in, and take two or three Turns in his Walks; 'Tis Me, that they muſt blame more or leſs: They muſt not for this, inſult over the Memory of this Rare Man; and ſay that he is Dead, for having blabbed all things to me. Is it impoſſible, that amongſt the wandring Spirits, he may not have been worſted in a Conflict with ſome Indocible *Hobgoblin?* Perchance he is not Dead, but in Appearance; following the Cuſtom of the *Philoſophers*, who ſeem to Dye in one place, and tranſport themſelves to another. Be it how it will, I can never believe, that the Manner where-with he en-

truſted his Treaſures to me, merited any Puniſhment. You ſhall ſee, how all things paſſed.

Common Senſe having always made me ſuſpect, that there was a great deal of Emptineſs in all that which they call *Secret Sciences*; I was never tempted to loſe ſo much time, as to turn over the Leaves of theſe Books, which Treat of them: But yet, not finding it reaſonable to Condemn, without knowing why, all thoſe addicting themſelves thereto, who otherwiſe are Wiſe Perſons, very Learned for the moſt part, and Eminent both for the *Gown* and *Sword*. I took up a Reſolution, (that I might avoyd being Unjuſt, and wearying my ſelf with tedious Reading) of feigning my ſelf a great Devoter to theſe Sciences, amongſt all thoſe, whom I could learn were

of

of that Gang. I had quickly better Succeſs, than I could poſſibly hope for. Since all theſe Gentlemen, how Myſterious, and how Reſerved ſo-ever they may ſeem to be, deſire nothing more, than to vent their Imaginations, and the New Diſcoveries, which they pretend to have made in Nature. In a few Dayes, I was the Confident of the moſt Conſiderable amongſt them, and had every Day one or other of them in my Study; which I had on purpoſe garniſhed with their moſt Phantaſtick Authors. There was never a Learned *Virtuoſo* of this Kind, but I had Correſpondence with him. In a word, For my Zeal to this Science, I quickly found, that I was well Approved by all. I had for my Companions, Princes, Great Lords, Gown-Men, Handſom Ladies, and Unhandſom too; Doctors, Pre-

lates, Fryars, Nuns: In fine, People of all Ranks and Qualities. Some of them, were for Converſe with *Angels*, others with *Devils*, others with their *Genius*, others with *Incubus*'s: Some addicted themſelves to the Cure of Diſeaſes, ſome to Star-gazing, ſome to the Secrets of Divinity; and almoſt All, to the *Philoſophers-Stone*.

They All agreed, that theſe Grand Secrets, and eſpecially, the *Phyloſophers-Stone*, were hardly to be found out; and that but very few do attain to them: But they had all in particular, a very good Opinion of themſelves, to believe, that they were of the Number of the *Elect*. By good Luck, with infinite Impatiency, the moſt Conſiderable of them expected at this time, the Arrival of a Lord, who was a great *Cabaliſt*, and whoſe Eſtate lyes upon

on the Frontiers of *Poland*. He had promiſed, by Letters to the Children of *Phyloſophy* in *Paris*, to come and Viſit them; and ſo to paſs from *France* into *England*. I had a Commiſſion, to write an Anſwer to this Great Man: I ſent him the Scheam of my Nativity, that he might judge, if I were capable of aſpiring to the Supream Wiſdom. My Scheam, and my Letter were ſo Happy, to oblige him to do me the Honor of Anſwering me; That I ſhould be one of the firſt, that he would ſee at *Paris*; and that, if *Heaven* did not oppoſe, there ſhould be nothing wanting in him, to introduce me into the Society of the Wiſe.

For the well-management of my Good Fortune, I entertain a Regular Correſpondence with the Illuſtrious *German*: I propoſe to him, from time to time, great

Doubts, as well grounded as I could, concerning the Harmony of the World, the Numbers of *Pythagoras*, the Revelations of St. *John*, and the Firſt Chapter of *Geneſis*. The Greatneſs of the Matter raviſht him! He writ to me unheard-of Wonders; and I plainly ſaw, that I had to deal with a Man of a moſt vigorous, and moſt Copious Imagination. I had Threeſcore or Fourſcore Letters from him, of ſo Extraordinary a Style, that I could not think of Reading any other thing, even when I was alone in my Study.

I was Aſtoniſhed one Remarkable Day, when I ſaw a Man come in a moſt Excellent Mein; who, Saluting me gravely, ſaid to me in the *French* Tongue, but in the Accent of a Forreigner: *Adore, my Son*; *Adore the moſt Glorious and Great* God *of the* Sages: *And*

let

let not thy ſelf be puft up with Pride, that he ſends to thee one of the Children of Wiſdom, to Conſtitute thee a Fellow of their Society, and make thee Partaker of the Wonders of his Omnipotency.

This ſtrange Manner of Salutation, did upon the ſuddain, ſurprize me; and I began, at firſt, to queſtion, whether or no it might not be ſome Apparition: Nevertheleſs, recovering my Spirits the beſt I could, and looking upon him as Civilly as the little Fear I was ſeized with could permit me. What ever you be (ſaid I to him) whoſe Complement favours not of this World, you do me a great Honor, in making me this Viſit. But I beſeech you, if you pleaſe, before I Worſhip this *God* of the *Sages*, let me know, of what *God*, and what *Sages* you ſpeak? Do me the Favour, to ſit down on this Chair, and

and give your ſelf the Trouble to tell me, what this *God* is, what theſe *Sages*, this Company, theſe Wonders of Omnipotency? and after or before all this, What kind of Creature, I have the Honor to ſpeak to?

Sir, You receive me moſt *Sage*-like, (ſaid he, ſmiling, and taking the Chair which I Preſented him) you deſire me on a ſuddain, to Explain things to you; which, if you pleaſe, I ſhall not Reſolve to Day. The Complement, which I made you, are the Words which the *Sages* uſe at firſt, to thoſe to whom they purpoſe to open their Hearts, and to diſcover their Myſteries. I had thought, that being ſo Wiſe as you ſeemed to me in your Letters, this Salutation would not have been unknown to you; and that it would be the moſt pleaſing Complement, that could be made

made you by the Count of *Gabalis*.

Ah! Sir (cryed I, remembring that I had a Tickliſh Game to Play) How ſhall I render my ſelf Worthy of ſo much Goodneſs? Is it poſſible, that the Excellenteſt of all Men, ſhould be in my Study? that the Great *Gabalis*, ſhould honor me with his Viſit?

I am the leaſt of the *Sages*, (reply'd he, with a ſerious Look) and *God*, who diſpenſes the Beams of his Wiſdom, by Weight and Meaſure, as his Sovereignty pleaſes, has given me but a ſmall Talent, in Compariſon of that which I admire with Aſtoniſhment, in my Fellows. I hope, that you may equal them, one Day; if I durſt judge of it by the Scheam of your Nativity, which you did me the Honor to ſend me: But you give me cauſe to Complain

of

of you, Sir, (added he, Smiling) in taking me even now for a Spirit.

Not for a Spirit, (ſaid I to him) but I proteſt to you, Sir, that calling to my Remembrance on a ſuddain, what *Cardan* relates of his Father; That being one day in his Study, he was Viſited by unknown Perſons, cloathed in divers Colours; who entertained him in a pleaſant Diſcourſe, concerning their Nature and Imployment. —— I underſtand you (interrupted the Count,) they were *Sylphes*, of which I ſhall talk to you here-after: They are a kind of Aerial Subſtances; who ſometimes come to Conſult the *Sages*, concerning the Books of *Averroes*, which they do not well underſtand. *Cardan* was but a Coxcomb, for Publiſhing that amongſt his Subtilties: He had found thoſe Memories amongſt his

his Father's Papers, who was one of Us; and who, ſeeing that his Son was Naturally a Babbler, would Teach him nothing of what was moſt Conſiderable; but let him puzle his Brains in Aſtrology, by which he was not cunning enough, to prevent his Sons being Hanged. This Aſs, was the Cauſe of your doing me the Injury, to take me for a *Sylphe*. Injury (replyed I!) Why Sir, ſhould I be ſo Unfortunate to—— I am not Angry at it, (interrupted he) ſince you are not obliged to know before-hand, that all theſe Elementary Spirits are our Diſciples; for they are moſt Happy, when we will ſtoop ſo low, as to Inſtruct them; and the leaſt of our *Sages* is more knowing, than all thoſe Little Gentlemen. But we ſhall talk more at large of this, ſome more convenient time; It is ſufficient for me to

day,

day, that I have had the Satisfaction to see you. Endeavor, my Son, to make your self Worthy of Receiving the *Cabalistical* Illuminations: The Hour of your Regeneration is come; The Fault is your own, if you become not a New Creature. Pray fervently to him, who only has the Power to Create new Hearts, to give you one, that may be Capable of the great Things, which I have to Teach you; and to Inspire me, not to conceal any thing from you, of our Mysteries. He then rose up; and Embracing me, without giving me the Leasure to Answer him: Farewel, my Son, (pursued he) I must go see our Companions, which are at *Paris*; after which, I shall Communicate my News to you. In the mean time, *Watch, Pray, Hope, and be Silent.*

He

He went out of my Study, in ſaying that; and I complained of his ſhort Viſit, as I waited on him back, that he had the Cruelty to leave me ſo quickly, after he had let me be ſo Happy, as to have a Glimpſe of his Light. But having aſſured me with a good Grace, that I ſhould loſe nothing by this ſuddain Departure; he got up into his Coach, and left me in a Surprize, which I am not able to Expreſs. I could not believe my own Eyes, nor my own Ears: I'm ſure, (ſaid I) that this is a Man of Great Quality; that he hath an Eſtate of Five Thouſand Pounds a Year: Beſides, he appears very Accompliſhed. Is it poſſible, that he can thus ſuffer himſelf to be filled with theſe Fooleries? He has talked to me of theſe *Sylphes*, with great Earneſtneſs: Should he prove a Sorcerer in the Upſhot?

ſhot? and, Should I have been Deceived till now, in believing, that there were no ſuch Things? But, ſuppoſe he be a Sorcerer, Are there alſo ſome of them ſo Devout, as this Man appears to be?

I could not Comprehend any thing of all this: Nevertheleſs, I reſolved to ſee the End of it; though I well enough fore-ſaw, that he had ſome ſet Diſcourſes to handle; and that the *Damon*, which agitated him, was a great Moraliſt, and a Preacher.

Diſcourſe the Second.

THE *Count* was pleaſed to allow me all the Night in Prayer: And in the Morning, by Break of Day, he acquainted me by a Note, that he would come to my Houſe by Eight of the Clock; and that, if I pleaſed, we might go and take the Air together. I waited for him; he came; and after Reciprocal Civilities: Let us go (ſaid he to me) to ſome Place, where we may be free together, and where no Body may interrupt our Diſcourſe. *Ruel* (ſaid I to him) ſeems to be a Place very Pleaſant, and very Solitary. Let us thither then, (reply'd he:) So up we get into the Coach; and all the way, I obſerv'd my New Ma-

Maſter. I never ſaw in any Perſon, ſo great Marks of Satisfaction, as appeared in all his Geſtures. He had a Spirit more mild, calm, and free, than methought a Sorcerer could have. All his Countenance, and Behaviour, was not as of a Man, whoſe Conſcience could reproach him with any thing that was Black; and I was in a marvellous Impatience, till I ſhould ſee him enter upon the Matter: Not being able to comprehend, how a Man, who ſeemed to me ſo Judicious, and ſo Accompliſht in all things elſe, ſhould imploy his Wits in theſe Ridiculous Speculations, with which I knew him the Day before, to be infected. He diſcourſed to me of Policy moſt Divinely; and was infinitly pleaſed, to hear that I had read what *Plato* has writ of it. You will have need enough of

all

all that, one Day, (ſaid he to me), a little more, than you think you ſhall: And if we agree together to day, it is not impoſſible, but that in a ſmall time, you may put in Practice theſe *Sage* Maxims. By this time, we were got to *Ruel*, and went into the Garden; the *Count* vouchſafing to Admire the Beauty of it, and walked ſtraight to the Labyrinth.

He ſeeing, that we were as free from Company, as he could deſire: I beſeech, (cry'd he, lifting up his Eyes and Hands towards Heaven) I *beſeech* the Eternal Wiſdom, that I may be Inſpired in ſuch a manner, as that I may not conceal any of theſe inexpreſſible Truths from you: How Happy ſhall you be, my Son, if Heaven has the Kindneſs to put thoſe Diſpoſitions into your Soul, which the High Myſteries

Myſteries require of you! You are about to Learn, how to command Nature; *God* alone, ſhall be your Maſter; and the *Sages* only, ſhall be your Equals: The Supream Intelligences ſhall eſteem it a Glory, to obey your Deſires: The *Devils* ſhall not dare to approach, where you are; Your Voyce ſhall make them tremble, in the moſt profound Caves of their Abyſs. And all the Inviſible People, who inhabit the Four Elements, ſhall account themſelves Happy, to be the Miniſters of your Pleaſures. I Adore thee, O Great *God!* for having Crowned *Man* with ſo much Glory, and for having Eſtabliſhed *him* the Soveraign Monarch over all the Works of thy Hands! Do you feel, my Son, (added he, turning himſelf towards me) Do you feel this Heroick Ambition, which is the certain Character

of

of the Children of *wiſdom*? Dare you deſire, to Serve nothing but *God* only; and to Rule over all Things, which is not of *God*? Have you comprehended, what it is to be a Man? And, Do you not deteſt the being of a Slave, ſince you were Born to be a Soveraign? And if you have theſe Noble Thoughts, as the Figure of your Nativity ſuffers me not to doubt; conſider *ſoberly*, if you can have the Courage, and Strength, to Renounce all Things, which may be an Obſtacle to you, in the attaining that Greatneſs, to which you were Born? He ſtopt there, and beheld me ſtedfaſtly; as attending my Anſwer, or as if he were reading my Heart.

How much ſoever the beginning of this Diſcourſe had made me hope, that we ſhould enter preſently upon the Matter; ſo much

much the more was I become deſperate at what he had laſt ſaid. The word *RENOUNCE*, ſo affrighted me, that I queſtioned, whether or no he was not about to propoſe to me, the Renouncing of my *Baptiſm*, or *Paradiſe*. So that, not knowing how to get out of theſe Streights: Renounce, (ſaid I to him!) Why, Sir, need I Renounce any thing? Truly, (reply'd he) there is need enough; and ſo much need, that we muſt begin with that Point firſt: I know not whether or no you can reſolve upon it; but I know very well, that *wiſdom* does not inhabit a Body ſubject to Sin, no more, than it enters into a Soul, prepoſſeſſed with Error or Malice. The *Sages* will never admit you into their Society, if you do not Renounce from this very preſent, a Thing which cannot ſtand in Compe-

Competition with Wiſdom. You muſt (added he, ſtooping down, and whiſpering in my Ear) *You muſt Renounce all Carnal Commerce with Women.*

I could not forbear breaking out into a fit of Laughter at this pleaſant Propoſition. Well Sir, (cryed I!) you have quitted me for a very ſmall Matter: I had thought, that you would have propoſed to me ſome ſtrange Renunciation; but ſince it is only *Women*, I aſſure you, that Work is long ſince done. I am very Chaſt (*God be thanked!*) Nevertheleſs, Sir, in regard that *Solomon* was Wiſer than I, it may be, ſhall ever be, and that all his Wiſdom could not hinder him from being Corrupted by them. I beſeech you tell me, what Expedient you Gentlemen take, to keep you from this Sex? And, what Inconvenience there would

be, if in the *Philoſophers Paradice*, every *Adam* had his *Eve*.

There you ask great Matters, (reply'd he, conſulting with himſelf, if he ſhould Anſwer my Queſtion or not) but yet ſince I ſee, that you deſert *Women* without any Trouble, I ſhall tell you one of the Reaſons, which have obliged the *Sages* to impoſe this Condition on their Diſciples; and from thence you will know in what Ignorance all thoſe Live, who are not of our Number.

When you ſhall be enrolled amongſt the Children of *Philoſophy*, and that your Eyes ſhall be Fortifyed by the uſe of our Sacred Medicine; you ſhall immediatly diſcover, that the *Elements* are inhabited by moſt Perfect Creatures; from the Knowledge and Commerce of whom, the Sin of the Unfortunate *Adam*, has excluded all his too Unhappy Poſterity.

ſterity. This immenſe Space, which is between the Earth, and the *Heavens*, has more Noble Inhabitants, than *Birds* and *Flyes*: This vaſt Ocean has alſo other Troops, beſides *Dolphins* and *whales*: The Profoundity of the Earth, is not only for *Moles*; And the *Element* of *Fire*, (more Noble than the other Three) was not made to be Unprofitable and Voyd.

The *Air* is full of an innumerable Multitude of People, having Human Shape, ſomewhat Fierce in appearance, but Tractable upon experience: Great Lovers of the Sciences, Subtil, Officious to the *Sages*, and Enemies to Sots and Ignorants. Their Wives, and their Daughters have a kind of Maſculine Beauty, ſuch as we deſcribe the *Amazons* to have. How Sir, (cryed I!) Would you perſwade me, that theſe

Fiends you ſpeak of, are Marryed.

Be not ſo Fierce, my Son, (reply'd he) for ſo ſmall a Matter. Believe whatſoever I tell you, to be Solid and true. *I am making known nothing to you*, but the Principles of the Antient *Cabal*; and there needs nothing more to juſtify them, than that you ſhould believe your own Eyes: But receive with a Meek Spirit, the Light which *God* ſends you by my Interpoſition. Forget all that you may have heard touching theſe Matters, in the Schools of the Ignorants: whereat you will be diſpleaſed, when you ſhall be convinced by Experience, and be obliged to diſown, what formerly you had a good Opinion of to no purpoſe.

Liſten then to the End; and know, that the *Seas* and *Rivers* are Inhabited, as well as the *Air*: The

The Antient *Sages* have called theſe kind of People *Undians* or *Nymphs*. They have but few Males amongſt them; but the Women are there in great Numbers: Their Beauty is marvellous; and the Daughters of Men have nothing in them, comparable to theſe.

The Earth is filled almoſt to the Center with *Gnomes* or *Pharyes*; a People of ſmall Stature; the Guardians of Treaſures, of Mines, and of Precious Stones. They are Ingenious, Friends of Men, and eaſie to be commanded. They furniſh the Children of the *Sages* with as much Money, as they have need of; and never ask any other Reward of their Services, than the Glory of being Commanded. The *Gnomides* or Wives of theſe *Gnomes* or *Pharyes*, are Little, but very

Handſom; and their Habit marvellouſly Curious.

As for the *Salamanders*, the Inhabitants of the Region of *Fire*: They ſerve the *Philoſophers*, but they ſeek not for their Company with any great Eagerneſs; and their Wives and Daughters will rarely be ſeen. They do wiſely, (interrupted I) and for my ſhare, I ſhall excuſe their Appearing to me. Why ſo, (ſaid the *Count?*) Why, Sir, (reply'd I?) What Buſineſs can I have, to Converſe with ſo ugly a Creature as a *Salamander*, be it either Male or Female? You are miſtaken, (anſwered he) that is the *Idea*, which the ignorant Painters and Sculpters have given them: The Wives of the *Salamanders* are Fair; nay, rather more Fair, than all others, ſeeing they are of a purer Element. But I forbear to ſpeak more of that, and ſhall give but

but a ſlight Deſcription of theſe People; becauſe you ſhall ſee them your ſelf, at your Leaſure; and that very eaſily too, if you have the Curioſity for it. You ſhall ſee their Habits, their Diet, their Manners, their Policy, and their Admirable Laws. You will be Charmed more, with the Beauty of their Wit, than that of their Body: Yet you cannot chooſe, but be grieved for theſe poor Wretches, when they ſhall tell you, That their *Soul* is Mortal; and that they have no Hope of enjoying Eternal Happyneſs, and of the Supreme Being, which they acknowledge, and Religiouſly adore. They will tell us, That being Compoſed of the moſt pure Parts of the *Elements*, which they inhabit; and not having in them any contrary Qualities, ſeeing they are made but of one *Element*, they Dye not but

after many Ages: But Alas! What is ſuch a Time, in reſpect of Eternity? They muſt Eternally reſolve into their Nothing. This Conſideration does ſorely afflict them; and we have Trouble enough, to comfort them concerning it.

Our Fathers, the *Philoſophers*, ſpeaking to *God* Face to Face, complained to him of the Unhappyneſs of theſe People; and *God*, whoſe Mercy is without bounds, revealed to them, that it was not impoſſible to find out a Remedy for this Evil. He inſpired them, that by the ſame Means as Man, by the Alliance which he Contracted with *God*, has been made Partakers of the Divinity: The *Sylphs*, the *Gnomes*, the *Nymphs*, and the *Salamanders*, by the Alliance which they might Contract with Man, might be made Partakers of Immortality.

lity. So a She-*Nymph*, or a *Sylphide* becomes Immortal, and capable of the Bleſſing to which we aſpire, when they ſhall be ſo happy as to be married to a *Sage*; a *Gnome*, or a *Sylphe* ceaſes to be Mortal, from the moment that he Eſpouſes one of our Daughters.

Hence aroſe the Error of the former Ages, of *Tertullian*, of *Juſtin Martyr*, of *Lactantius*, *Cyprian*, *Clemens Alexandrinus*, *Athenagoras* the Chriſtian *Philoſopher*; and generally, of all the Writers of that time. They had learnt, that theſe *Elementary Demimen*, had endeavored a Commerce with Maids; and they have from thence imagined, that the Fall of the *Angels* had not happened, but for the Love which they were touched with after *Women*. Certain *Gnomes*, deſirous of becoming Immortal, had a

mind to gain the good Affections of our *Daughters*; and had brought abundance of Precious Stones, of which they are the Natural Cuardians: And theſe Authors, relying on the Book of *Enoch*, which they miſ-underſtood, thought that it was the Attempt which theſe Amorous *Angels* had offered to the Chaſtity of our Wives. In the Beginning, theſe *Children* of *Heaven* begat Famous *Gyants*, by making themſelves beloved by the Daughters of Men: And the ill Cabaliſts, *Joſephus* and *Philo*, (as all the *Jews* are ignorant) and after them all the other *Authors*, which I have juſt now named, as well as *Origen* and *Macrobius*, have ſaid, that they were *Angels*; and have not known, that they were the *Sylphes*, and other People of the *Elements*; that under the Name of the *Children*

dren of *Elohim*, are diſtinguiſhed from the *Children* of Men. Likewiſe, that which the *Sage* Saint *Auguſtine*, has had the Modeſty to leave undetermined, touching the Purſuits which thoſe called *Faunes* or *Satyrs*, made after the *Africans* of his time, is cleared by that which I have now alledged, of the Deſire which all theſe *Elementary* Inhabitants have, of Allying themſelves to Men; as the only means to attain to the Immortality which they have not.

No, no! Our *Sages* have never Err'd ſo, as to attribute the Fall of the firſt *Angels*, to their Love of *Women*, no more than they have put Men under the Power of the *Devil*; by imputing all the Adventures of the *Nymphs* and *Sylphs* to him, of which the *Hiſtorians* ſpeak ſo largely. There was nothing Criminal

minal in all that. They were the *Sylphs*, which endeavoured to become Immortal. Their Innocent Purſuits, far enough from being able to ſcandalize the *Philoſophers*, have appeared ſo Juſt to us, that we are all reſolved by common Conſent, utterly to Renounce *Women*; and intirely to give our ſelves to the Immortalizing of the *Nymphs* and *Sylphs*.

Good Lord, (cryed I!) What do I hear? Was there ever ſuch marvellous F—— Yes, my Son, (interrupted the *Count*) Admire the marvellous Felicity of the *Sages!* Inſtead of *Women*, whoſe fading Beauty paſs away in a ſhort time, and are followed with horrible Wrinkles and Uglyneſs, the *Philoſophers* enjoy Beauties which never wax old, and whom they have the glory to make Immortal. Gueſs at the

Love

Love and Acknowledgment of theſe inviſible Miſtreſſes; and with what Ardor they ſtrive to pleaſe the Charitable *Philoſopher*, who Labours to Immortalize them.

Ah! Sir, (cryed I once again) I Renounce——. Yes, my Son, (purſued he, without giving me the Leaſure to finiſh) Renounce the fading Pleaſures, which are to be had with *Women*; the Faireſt amongſt them all, is Loathſom, in reſpect of the Homelieſt *Sylphide:* No Diſpleaſure ever follows our *Sage* Embraces. Miſerable Ignorants! How ſhould you complain, that ye have not the Power to taſt of the *Phyloſophick* Pleaſures!

Miſerable *Count de Gabalis*, (interrupted I, in an Accent mixed with Choler and Compaſſion!) Will you give me leave to tell you at laſt, That I Renounce this

ſenſe-

ſenſeleſs Wiſdom; That I find this Viſionary *Philoſophy* very Ridiculous: That I deteſt the Abominable Embraces, which make you affect theſe Phantaſms; and that I tremble for you, and wonder that ſome one of theſe pretended *Sylphides* does not hurry you to *Hell*, in the middle of your Tranſports and Raptures; and for fear, leſt ſo honeſt a Man as you, ſhould not perceive the End of your fooliſh *Chymerick* Zeal, and ſhould not Repent of ſo great a Crime.

Oh! Oh! (anſwered he, Recoyling two or three Paces back, and earneſtly looking upon me with an Angry Countenance) Miſchief light on thy indocible Spirit! His Action, I muſt confeſs, affrighted me; but it was yet worſe, when I perceived, that going further from me, he drew out of his Pocket a Paper; which

I could eaſily ſee at that diſtance, to be full of Characters; yet I could not well diſcern it. He read them gravely, and ſpake low. I gueſſed, that he was invoking ſome Spirit for my Ruin, and Repented me more than a little for my inconſiderate Zeal. If I eſcape this adventure, (ſaid I) I'le never have to do with a *Cabaliſt* more. I fixed my eyes upon him, as upon a Judge that was ready to condemn me to Death; When at laſt, I perceived, that his looks became ſerene. *'Tis hard* (ſaid he, ſmiling, and coming towards me again) *'Tis hard for you to kick againſt the Pricks.* You are a Veſſel of Election. *Heaven* has ordained you, to be the greateſt *Cabaliſt* of your Age. Behold the Scheme of your Nativity, which cannot fail. If it be not now, and that too by my means, 'twill be a great

great wonder, as appears by this *Saturn retrograde.*

Alas, Sir, (ſaid I to him) if I muſt become a *Sage*, it will never be but by the means of the Great *Gabalis:* But to deal freely with you, I am affraid, that you will find it a difficult matter to bend me to this *Philoſophical* Mode. It ſeems (continued he) that you ſhould be but ill read in *Phyſicks*, that cannot be perſwaded of the exiſtance of theſe People? I know not, (anſwered I) but I cannot Imagine that theſe can be any things elſe but Fiends diſguiſed. Do you ſtill (ſaid he) rather believe your own Whimſeys, than Natural Reaſon? than *Plato*, *Pythagorus*, *Celſus*, *Pſellus*, *Proclus*, *Porphyrius*, *Jamlicus*, *Plotinus*, *Triſmegiſtus*, *Nollius*, *Dorneus*, *Fludd*; than the great *Philippus Aureolus Theophractus Bombſt Paracelſus de Honeinhem*;

hem; and than all our Society?

I would believe you (Anſwered I) as ſoon, nay ſooner, than all theſe: But, Dear Sir, could you not ſo order the buſineſs with the reſt of your ſociety, that I might not be obliged to have Carnal knowledge of theſe Elementary Ladies? Away, away, (reply'd he) you have your own Liberty, without doubt; for no-body loves, unleſs he has a mind to it. Few of the *Sages* have been able to defend themſelves from their charms: But it has been obſerved, that ſome reſerving themſelves wholly and entirely for great things, (as you will know in time) would never do this honor to the Nymphs. I will be then of this number, (ſaid I:) But yet neither can I reſolve to looſe time about the ceremonies which I have heard a *Prelate* ſay, muſt be practized by

by thoſe who mean to converſe with their Genius's. This *Prelate* knew not what he ſaid, (ſaid the *Count*;) for you ſhall ſee ere long, that there are no Genius's there; and beſides, that never any *Sage* employed either Ceremonies or Superſtition for the familiarity of the Genius's, no more than for the People of whom we ſpeak.

The *Cabaliſtes* do nothing, but by the Principles of Nature: And if there are ſometimes found in our Books certain ſtrange words, characters, or Fumigations, 'tis but to conceal the *Philoſophical* Principles from the Ignorant. Admire the Simplicity of Nature, in all her moſt marvellous Operations! And in this Simplicity, a Harmony, and Agreement ſo great, ſo juſt, and ſo neceſſary, that it will make you return back, in deſpite of your ſelf, from your weak

weak Imaginations. That which I am now going about to tell you, we teach thoſe of our Diſciples, which we will not let altogether enter into the Sanctuary of Nature; and whom we will nevertheleſs, not utterly deprive of the Society of the Elementary People, meerly out of the compaſſion which we have for theſe poor wretches.

The *Salamanders* (as you have already, perhaps, comprehended) are Compoſed of the moſt ſubtile Parts of the *Sphære* of *Fire*, conglobated and organiz'd by the Action of the Univerſal *Fire*, (concerning which, I ſhall one day entertain you further) ſo called, becauſe it is principal of all the Motions of Nature.

The *Sylphes* in like manner, are Compoſed of the pureſt Atomes of the Air: The *Nymphs*, of

of the moſt delicate parts of the Water; and the *Gnomes* of the ſubtleſt parts of the Earth. There was a great Proportion betwixt *Adam*, and theſe ſo perfect Creatures; becauſe they being compoſed of that which was moſt pure in the four Elements; He comprehended the perfections of theſe four ſorts of People, and was their Natural King. But ſince the time that his ſin precipitated him into the Excrements of the Elements, (as you ſhall ſee hereafter) the Harmony was diſordered, and there was no more proportion, he being become *Impure*, and *Dull*, in reſpect of theſe ſubſtances ſo pure and ſo ſubtil. What remedy for this evil? How ſhall we remount this throne, and recover this loſt Soveraignty? O Nature! Why do they ſtudy thee ſo little? Do you not comprehend

prehend my Son, with what ſimplicity nature can render to man the Goods which he has loſt?

Alas! Sir (reply'd I) I am very ignorant in all theſe ſimplicities, you ſpeak of. And yet (purſued he) it is very eaſie to become knowing in them.

If we would recover that Empire over the Salamanders: we muſt purifie and exalt the Element of Fire which is in us, and raiſe up the tone of this ſlackned ſtring, we need do *no more*, but concenter the Fire of the World by Concave Mirrours in a Globe of Glaſs. And herein, is that great piece of Art which all the Ancients have ſo Religiouſly concealed, and which the Divine *Theophraſtus* has diſcovered. There is formed in this Globe a Solar powder, which being purified by it ſelf from the

Mixture

Mixture of other Elements; and being prepared according to art, becomes in a very little time, Soveraignly proper to exalt the Fire which is in us, and make us become (according to our Phraſe) of a Fiery Nature. From that time the inhabitants of the Sphere of Fire become our inferiors, and raviſht to ſee our mutual Harmony re-ſtabliſht, and that we once more approach to them: They have all the kindneſs for us which they have for their own *Species*, all the reſpect which they owe to the Image and to the Lieutenant of their Creator; and all the concern which may make evident in them, the deſire of obtaining by us, the immortality which they want. 'Tis true, that as they are more ſubtil than thoſe of the other Elements, they live a very long time, ſo they are not very forward, to importune

tune the Sages to make them immortal. You may accommodate your ſelf with one of theſe, if the averſion which you have witneſſed to me laſt not with you to the end: perchance, ſhe will never ſpeak to you of that which you fear ſo much.

It will not be ſo with the *Sylphs*, the *Gnomes*, and the *Nymphs*; For they living a leſs time, have more need of us: and ſo their familiarity is more eaſie to obtain. You need but ſhut up a glaſs fill'd with Conglobated Air, Water, or Earth, and expoſe it to the Sun for a month; Then ſeparate the Element according to art, which is very eaſie to do, if it be Earth or Water. 'Tis a marvellous thing to ſee, what a vertue every one of theſe purified Elements have to attract the *Nymphes*, *Sylphs*, and *Gnomes*. In taking but never ſo little, everyday, for

for about a month together, one ſhall ſee in the Air the volant Republique of the *Sylphs*; The *Nymphes* come in ſhoales up the Rivers, and the Guardians of Treaſures, preſenting you with their riches. Thus without Characters, without Ceremonies, without Barbarous words, you become abſolute Maſter over all theſe people. They require no worſhip of the *Sages*, ſince they know well enough that he is nobler than they. Thus venerable Nature teaches her Children how to repair the Elements by the Elements. Thus is Harmony re-eſtabliſhed. Thus man recovers his natural Empire, and can do all things in the Elements, without *Dæmon*, or unlawful art. Thus you ſee, my Son, that the *Sages* are more innocent than you thought. You ſay nothing to me ——

I admire Sir (ſaid I) and I begin

gin to fear, that you will make me become a Chymiſt. Ah! God preſerve thee from that, my Child, (cryed he) 'Tis not to theſe fooleries that your Nativity deſigns you, I will warrant you on the contrary, from being troubled about that: I told you already, That the *Sages* ſhew not theſe things, but to thoſe whom they will not admit into their Society. You ſhall have all theſe Advantages, and others infinitely more Glorious, and more Pleaſant, by wayes cleerly more *Phyloſophical.* I had not deſcribed theſe Methods to you, but to let you ſee the Innocence of this *Phyloſophy*, and to take you out of theſe *Panick* Fears.

I thank God, Sir, (anſwered I) I am not at preſent, in any ſuch Fear as I was even now. And although I do not yet reſolve upon the Accommodation, which you

poſe to me with the *Salamanders*; I cannot refrain from having the Curioſity to learn how you have diſcovered, that theſe *Nymphs*, and theſe *Sylphs* Dye? Truly (replyed he) they tell us ſo, and we ſee them Dye. How, (ſaid I) Can you ſee them Dye, and yet your Commerce renders them Immortal? That would be well, (purſued he) if the Number of the *Sages* equalled the Number of theſe *People:* Beſides that, there are many amongſt them, who rather chooſe to Dye, than hazard by becoming Immortal, the being ſo unhappy as they ſee the *Devils* are. And 'tis the *Devil*, who Inſpired them with theſe Opinions; for there is no Miſchief, which he doth not do, to hinder theſe poor Creatures from becoming Immortal by our Allyance. Inſomuch, that I look upon it, (and ſo ought you, my Son)

Son) as a moſt pernicious Temptation, and a Motion of very little Charity, to have this Averſion which you ſhew to it.

Moreover, as concerning their Death, of which you ſpeak: What was it that obliged the Oracle of *Apollo*, to ſay, That all thoſe who ſpeak Oracles, were Mortal, as well as he; as *Porphyrius* reports? And, What think you, was the meaning of that Voyce, which was heard on all the *Coaſt* of *Italy*, and ſtruck ſo great a Terror into all thoſe who were upon the *Sea? THE GREAT* PAN *IS DEAD!* They were the People of the Air; who gave notice to the People of the *Water*, that the Chiefeſt, and moſt Aged of all the *Sylphs*, was newly Dead.

At that time, when this Voyce was heard, (ſaid I to him) I *ſuppoſe*, that the World worſhipped

Pan, and the *Nymphs*: And that theſe Gentlemen, whoſe Commerce you are Preaching of to me, were the *Falſe Gods* of the *Heathens*.

'Tis true, my Son, (reply'd he) The *Sages* have alwayes been of that opinion, That the *Devil* never had the Power to make himſelf Worſhipped. He is too Unhappy, and too Weak, ever to have had this Pleaſure, and this Authority. But he has been able to perſwade the *Elementary Hoſts*, to ſhew themſelves to Men, and make men erect Temples to them; and by the Natural Dominion, which every one has over the *Element* which he inhabits, they trouble the *Air*, and the *Sea*, ſet the Earth in Combuſtion, and diſpenſe the Fire of *Heaven*, according to their Humour: Inſomuch, that they had no great trouble to be taken for

Deities,

Deities, ſo long as the Sovereign Being differ'd the Salvation of the World. But the *Devil* never received all the Advantage of his Malice, which he hoped he ſhould: For it has happened from thence, that *Pan*, the *Nymphs*, and the reſt of the *Elementary People*, having found the Means of changing this Commerce of Worſhip, into a Commerce of Love; (for you may remember, that amongſt the Antients, *Pan* was the King of thoſe *Gods* whom they called *Incubuſes*, and who alwayes earneſtly ſought the Acquaintance of Maids) many *Heathens* have eſcaped the *Devil*, and ſhall never Burn in *Hell*.

I do not well underſtand you, Sir, (ſaid I.) You have not minded me; to underſtand me, (continued he, ſmiling, and in a jeering Tone.) Behold what you paſs over! and likewiſe, what

your Doctors paſs over, who know not what theſe Excellent *Phyſicks* mean! Behold the Great Myſtery of all this Part of *Phyloſophy*, which concerns the *Elements*; and which will take away (if you have but never ſo little Love for your ſelf) this Repugnance to *Phyloſophy*, which you have witneſſed to me this Day! Know then, my Son; and go not about to divulge this great *Arcanum* to any unworthy Ignorant. Know, that as the *Sylphs* acquire an Immortal Soul, by the Allyance which they Contract with the Men who are Predeſtinated; ſo alſo, the Men who have no right to Eternal Glory: Thoſe Miſerable Wretches, whoſe Immortality is but a lamentable Advantage, for whom the *Meſſias* was not ſent——

Then, you Gentlemen of the *Cabal*, are *Janſeniſts* likewiſe, (interrup-

terrupted I?) We know not what that is, my Child, (proceeded he, ſomewhat Angryly) and we ſcorn to inform our ſelves, wherein conſiſts the different Sects, and divers Religions, with which the Ignorant puzzle their Heads. We keep to the Antient Religion of our Fathers, the *Philoſophers*; wherein 'tis very neceſſary, that I inſtruct you. But to come again to the purpoſe: Theſe Men, whoſe ſad Immortality is nothing but an Eternal Misfortune; The unhappy Children, whom the Sovereign Father has neglected, have alſo this Recourſe, that they may become Mortal, by Contracting an Allyance with theſe *Elementary* People. So that you ſee, the *Sages* hazard nothing for Eternity. If they are Predeſtinated, they have the Pleaſure to carry with them to Heaven (in quitting the

Priſon of this Body) the *Sylphide*, or *Nymph*, which they have Immortalized: And if they be not Predeſtinated, the Commerce of the *Nymph* renders their *Soul* Mortal, and delivers them from the Horrors of the Second Death. So the *Devil* ſaw all the *Pagans* eſcape, who Allyed themſelves to the *Nymphs*: And ſo the *Sages*, or Friends of the *Sages*, when *God* Inſpires us to Communicate to any one, the Four *Elementary Secrets*, (which I have now been teaching you) free themſelves from the Peril of being Damned.

Without Lying, Sir, (cryed I, not daring to put him again into an ill Humor; and finding it requiſite to defer the telling him plainly my Opinion, till I ſhould have diſcovered all the Secrets of his *Cabal*, which I judged by this Glimps, muſt needs be very full of

of Pleaſure and Divertiſement:) Without Lying, You advance Wiſdom to a great Height! And you had reaſon to tell me, That this ſurpaſſed all our Doctors: And I believe, that this likewiſe paſſes all our Magiſtrates too: And that, if they could diſcover who thoſe were, that eſcaped the *Devil* by this means, (as Ignorance is very Unjuſt) they would engage in the *Devil*'s Intereſt, againſt theſe Fugitives, and make a ſtrong Party for him.

Yes, It is for that, (purſued the *Count*) that I have ſo ſtrictly commanded you; and do again command you, to keep Religiouſly this Secret. Your Judges are ſtrange Perſons! They Condemn a moſt innocent Action, as a diſmal Crime. What a Barbarity was it, to Burn thoſe two *Prieſts*, which the Prince of *Miranda*

ſayes he knew of, who had each of them his *Sylphide*, for the ſpace of Forty Years! What an Inhuman thing was it, to put *Joan Herviller* to death, for having laboured Six and Forty Years, to Immortalize a *Gnome!* And, What a piece of Ignorance was that of *Bodin*, to repreſent her as a *witch*; that from thence he might take advantage to Authorize popular Errors, touching pretended *Sorcerers*; in a Book as Impertinent, as his *Common-Wealth* is Reaſonable.

But it is late; and I do not conſider, that you have not yet Dined. 'Tis your ſelf, that you mean, Sir, (ſaid I) for as for my part, I could liſten to you till to Morrow, without Inconvenience. For me! Alas! (reply'd he, Laughing, and walking towards the Gate) 'Tis eaſily ſeen, that you underſtand but little, what

Phyloſo-

Phyloſophy is. The *Sages* Eat but for their Pleaſure, and never for Neceſſity. I had a quite contrary *Idea* of Wiſdom, (anſwered I;) I had thought, that you Wiſemen ſhould never Eat but to ſatisfy Nature. You are abuſed, (ſaid the *Count.*) How long think you, that our *Sages* can ſubſiſt without Eating? How can I tell? (anſwered I) *Moſes* and *Elias*, you know, Faſted forty Dayes: You *Sages*, I make no doubt, may do it ſome few Dayes leſs. What a great piece of Buſineſs would that be? (Replyed he) The moſt Wiſe Man that ever was, the Divine, the almoſt Adorable *Paracelſus*, affirms, that he has ſeen many of the *Sages* Faſt Twenty Years, without Eating any thing whatſoever. He himſelf, before he attained to the Monarchy of Wiſdom, whereof we have juſtly preſented him the Scepter: He,

I ſay,

I ſay, would undertake to Live many Years without Eating, by taking but half a Scruple of his Solar Quinteſcence. And if you would have the Pleaſure to make any one Live without Victuals, you need do no more, but prepare the Earth, as I told you it muſt be prepared, for the Society of the *Gnomes:* This Earth applyed to the *Navle*, and renewed when it is too dry, will cauſe any one to Live without Eating or Drinking, and that without any trouble.

And the uſe of this *Catholick-Cabaliſtical-Medicine*, frees us much better from all the importunate Neceſſities, to which Nature makes the Ignorant ſubject: We Eat not, but when it pleaſes us; and all the Superfluity of Food Paſſing away by an inſenſible Tranſpiration, we are never aſhamed to be Men. Here he held his

his peace, perceiving that we were near our Servants. So we went to the Village, to take a ſhort Refreſhment; following the Cuſtom of the *Philoſophick-Heroes.*

Diſcourſe the Third.

AFter Dinner, we return to to the *Labyrinth.* But I was ſomewhat Melancholly: & the Pity which I was Affected with, at the Extravagancy of the *Count*, whom I plainly ſaw incurable, hindered me from taking ſo much Pleaſure at all things, which he had told me, as I ſhould have done; If I had hoped to have brought him back to his right Wits. I ſtudied for ſomething

thing of Antiquity, to puzzle him with, which he ſhould not be able to Anſwer. For to alledge to him the Senſe of the *Church*, was in vain; he having declared, that he only adhered to the Antient Religion of his Fathers, the *Philoſophers:* And to have gone about to Convince a *Cabaliſt* by Reaſon, would have been an Enterprize altogether as frivolous. Beſides, I cared not to venture on a Diſpute with a Man, whoſe Principles I did not yet underſtand.

It came into my Mind, that what he had told me, concerning the Falſe *Gods*, in whoſe place he had ſubſtituted the *Sylphs*, and the other *Elementary* People, might be Refuted by the *Oracles* of the *Heathens*, which the *Scripture* mentions alwayes as *Devils*, not as *Sylphs*. But for as much, as I did not know, if in the Senſe of his

his *Cabal*, the *Count* would not attribute the Anſwers of the *Oracles* to ſome Natural Cauſe; I believed, that it would not be improper, to put him upon Explaining what was his real Opinion herein.

He gave me a good Opportunity of breaking to him the Matter. Juſt as we were ready to enter into the *Labyrinth*, turning himſelf about towards the Garden: Truly, (ſaid he) it is very Handſom, and theſe Statues make a Noble Show. The *Cardinal* (reply'd I) who cauſed them to be ſet here, had an Imagination a little unworthy of his Great *Genius:* He fancied, that the greateſt part of theſe *Images* had formerly yielded *Oracles:* And for this very Conceit, he paid a dear Rate for them. 'Tis the Infirmity of many People, (ſaid the *Count*) that Ignorance makes them dayly

dayly commit a kind of *Idolatry*, which is very Criminal; ſince they preſerve with ſo much Care, and put ſo great an Eſteem upon *Idols*, which they believe the *Devil* has heretofore made uſe of, to make himſelf Adored. O *God!* Shall it never be known in the World, that Thou, from the Birth of Times, haſt precipitated thine Enemies under thy Foot-ſtool? And that Thou keepeſt the *Devils* Priſoners under the Earth; in Tormenting Darkneſs? This Curioſity, ſomewhat Blame-worthy, of collecting on this manner, theſe pretended Organs of the *Devils*, might become Innocent, (my Son) if they would ſuffer themſelves to be perſwaded, that the *Angels* of Darkneſs have never been permitted to ſpeak in *Oracles*.

I do not believe, (interrupted I) that it would be an eaſie Mat-

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ter to Eſtabliſh this Maxim amongſt the Wits; but it might be done with thoſe of ſolid Parts. For it has been not long ſince decided in a Conference, made expreſsly on this Subject, by the Wits of the higheſt Rank; That all theſe pretended *Oracles*, were nothing but the Subtilty of Avaricious *Prieſts* amongſt the *Gentils*, or elſe a Politick Stratagem of Princes.

Were theſe (ſaid the *Count*) *Mahometans*, ſent on an Ambaſſy to your King, who held this Conference, and thus decided this Queſtion? No, Sir, (anſwered I.) Of what Religion then, were theſe Gentlemen, (replyed he) ſince they reckon the Holy Scriptures as nothing; which in ſo many Places, make mention of ſo many different *Oracles?* And principally, of the *Pythons*; who made their Reſidence, and gave

out

out their Anſwers, by thoſe Parts deſigned for the Multiplication of the Image of *God?* I alledged, (replyed I) the Examples of thoſe, who diſcours'd from their Bellyes, and inſtanced to the Company, that *King Saul* had Baniſhed them his Kingdom; where nevertheleſs he found one who was the Fore-teller of his Death, whoſe Voyce had the Admirable Power to Raiſe up *Samuel* at his Requeſt, and to his Ruin. Yet would not theſe Wiſe-Men decide it otherwiſe, than that there were never any *Oracles.*

If the Scriptures did not ſhew it plainly, (ſaid the *Count*) they might be convinced by all Antiquity; wherein it were an eaſie thing, to bring them a thouſand marvellous Proofs. So many *Virgins*, big with the Deſtiny of Mortals, who were Deliver'd of the

the good or ill Fortune of thoſe who conſulted them. Why did you not alledge to them *Chryſoſtom*, *Origen*, and *Oecumenius?* who make mention of thoſe Divine Men, whom the *Greeks* called *ENGASTRIMANDRES*; whoſe Prophetick Bellies delivered out in an Articulate Voyce, ſo Famous *Oracles*. And if your Gentlemen loved neither the *Scriptures*, nor the *Fathers*; thoſe Miraculous Maids ſhould have been inſtanced, of whom *Panſanias*, the *Greek* ſpeaks; who changed themſelves into *Doves*, and in that Form delivered the Famous *Oracles* of the *Colombæ Dodonides*. Or you might have ſaid, for the Glory of your Nation, That there were long ſince in *Gaule*, thoſe Illuſtrious Maids, who Metamorphoſed themſelves into all Shapes, according to the Pleaſure of thoſe who Conſulted them; & who, beſides

ſides (the Famous *Oracles* which they gave out) had a marvellous Command over the Ships at *Sea*, and a Soveraign healing Authority over the moſt Incurable Diſeaſes.

They would have rejected all theſe Excellent Proofs, as *Apocryphal*, (ſaid I to him.) Is it (continued he) becauſe Antiquity renders them ſuſpicious? You ſhould but have alledged the *Oracles*, which are ſtill yielded dayly. In what Part of the World, (ſaid I?) At *Paris*, (reply'd he.) At *Paris?* (cryed I) Yes, at *Paris*, (continued he) Are you a Maſter in *Iſrael*, and do you not know that? Do they not dayly Conſult the *Aquatick Oracles*, in Glaſſes of Water, or in Baſins? The *Aerial Oracles*, in Looking-Glaſſes, and on Maidens Hands? Do they not by this Means, recover loſt Neck-

laces

laces or Bracelets, and ſtolen Watches? Do they not hereby learn News from far Countries? & can they not ſee thoſe that are Abſent? What is this, Sir, (ſaid I) that you tell me? I tell you, (reply'd he) what I am ſure, happens every Day, and of which it will be no difficult Matter, to find a thouſand Ocular Witneſſes. I do not believe that, Sir, (anſwered I:) The Magiſtrates would make a ſevere Example of any one, who ſhould be found culpable of ſo puniſhable an Action; and they would never ſuffer ſuch *Idolatry* —— Alas! How diſcreet you are, (interrupted the *Count!*) There is not ſo much Harm in all this, as you think: And Providence will never permit theſe Remains of *Philoſophy*, to be wholly Extirpated, that have eſcaped the miſerable Shipwrack, which Truth has ſuffered.

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If there be ſtill left among the People any Footſteps of the Illuſtrious Power of the Divine Names; VVould you give your Vote for their Effacing? And that they ſhould loſe the Reſpect and Acknowledgment due to the great Name *AGLA*; which operates all theſe Marvels, even then when it is invoked by Ignorants, and by Sinners; and which would work far different Miracles, in the Mouth of a *Cabaliſt*. If you would have Convinced theſe *Gentlemen* of the Truth of *Oracles*, you needed but have Exalted your Imagination, and your Faith; and turning your Face towards the *Eaſt*, have cryed with a loud Voyce, *Ag*—— Hold, Sir, (interrupted I!) I durſt not have put in Execution this kind of Argument to ſuch civil Perſons, as thoſe were with me; for they would have taken me

me for a Mad-man: Certainly, they would have had no Faith in all this. And if I had known, how to have wrought this *Cabaliſtick* Operation, of which you are ſpeaking to me, it would never have come out of my Mouth; becauſe I have ſtill leſs Faith than they. Well, well, (ſaid the *Count*) if you have none, we ſhall make it come to you. But further; If you had thought, that your Gentlemen had not given Credit to what they might have ſeen dayly at *Paris*; you might have recited to them a Hiſtory of a very freſh Date. The *Oracle* which *Cælius Rodiginus* ſaid, that he himſelf had ſeen given forth, about the latter End of the paſt Age, by that extraordinary Man, who ſpake and fore-told Things to come, by the ſame *Organ* which the *Euricles*, mentioned by *Plutark*, did. I would not (anſwered

red I) have cited *Rodiginus*; That Citation had been *Pedantick*: Beſides, 'tis ten to one, if ſome of them had not told me, that this Man was certainly Poſſeſſed with a *Devil*.

That had been ſaid moſt *Fryar*-like, (replyed he.) Sir, (interrupted I) in deſpight of that *Cabaliſtick* Averſion, which I perceive you have for the *Fryars*; I cannot but be on their ſides, in this Point. I believe, that there is not ſo great Harm, in denying utterly, that ever there were any ſuch things as *Oracles*, as in ſaying, That it was not the *Devil* who ſpake in them. For in a word, The *Fathers*, and the *Divines*—— For in a word, (interrupted he) The *Divines*, Do they not agree, that the Wife *Sambetha*, who was the Antienteſt of all the *Sybils*, was the Daughter of *Noah*? Well, Sir, (ſaid I) And what of that?

that? Did not *Plutarch* (purſued he) ſay, That the Antienteſt *Sybil* was the Firſt who delivered out *Oracles* at *Delphos?* This Spirit which *Sambetha* lodged in her Boſom, was not then a *Devil*, nor her *Apollo* a Falſe *God*; ſeeing that *Idolatry* did not begin till a long time after the Diviſion of *Languages:* And it would be very abſurd, to Attribute to the *Father of Lyes*, thoſe ſacred Books of the *Sybils*, and all the Proofs of the True *Religion*, which the *Fathers* have drawn from them. Neither, my Child, (continued he, ſmiling) is it for you to break the Marriage, which a great *Cardinal* has made of *David*, and the *Sybil*; nor accuſe this knowing Perſon, for having put a great *Prophet*, and a miſerable *Energumena* in one Parallel. For either *David* ſtrengthens the Teſtimony of the *Sybil*, or the *Sybil* weakens

the Authority of *David*. I beſeech you, Sir, (interrupted I) fall to your Serioufneſs again.

I will, I will (ſaid he) upon Condition, that you will not accuſe me too much for it. Is the *Devil*, in your Opinion, ever divided againſt himſelf? And is he any time againſt his own Intereſts? Why not? (ſaid I to him) Why not? (ſaid he) Becauſe that which *Tertullian* hath ſo Happily, and ſo Magnificiently called the *Reaſon of God*, finds it not convenient. *Satan is never divided againſt himſelf.* It then follows, that either the *Devil* never ſpake in *Oracles*, or that he never ſpake againſt his own Intereſt. And then it follows; That if the *Oracles* have ſpoken againſt the Intereſts of the *Devil*, it was not the *Devil* that ſpake in the *Oracles*. But (ſaid I to him) could not *God* force the *Devil* to bear

Wit-

Witneſs to the Truth, and ſpeak againſt himſelf? But (reply'd he) If *God* did not force him? Nay, in that Caſe (anſwered I) you have leſs Reaſon than the *Fryers!*

Let us ſee then, (purſued he) Let us proceed Invincibly, and like good *Chriſtians.* I will not produce the Teſtimonies of thoſe *Oracles*, of which the *Fathers* of the *Church* make relation; although I am perſwaded of the Veneration which you have for theſe Great Men. *Religion*, and *Intereſt*, which was their Buſineſs, might have over-ſwayed them; and their Zeal for the Truth, might have induced them; ſeeing it was cold enough, and naked enough in their Age, to have borrowed for the cloathing it, ſome Habit, and ſome Ornament, even from Falſhood it ſelf. They were Men; and by Con-

ſequence, following the Maxim of the *Poet* of the *Synagogue*, may have been Unfaithful Witneſſes.

I am therefore about to produce a Man, who cannot be ſuſpected in this Cauſe; a *Pagan:* and another kind of *Pagan*, than *Lucretius*, *Lucian*, or the *Epicureans:* A *Pagan* poſſeſt with a Real Belief, that there are *Gods* and *Devils*, without number. He was a Man ſuperſtitious above meaſure; and a Great *Magician*, or I am much miſtaken in ſaying it; and by Conſequence, a great Friend of the *Devil:* 'Tis *Porphyrius.* Behold ſome of the *Oracles* which he relates, word for word.

An

An ORACLE.

THere is above the Celeſtial Fire, an Incorruptible Flame, always ſparkling; the Spring of Life, the Fountain of all Beings, the Original of all Things! This Flame produceth all Things; and Nothing periſheth, but what it conſumes. It makes it Self known by it Self. This Fire cannot be contained in any Place: 'Tis without Body, and without Matter. It encompaſſes the Heavens: And there goes out from it a little Spark, which makes all the Fire of the Sun, *of the* Moon, *and of the* Stars. *Behold! What I know of* God! *Strive not to Know more of him; for that is beyond thy Capacity, how Wiſe ſoever thou art. As to the reſt; Know, that unjuſt and wicked Man, cannot hide himſelf from the Pre-*

ſence of God! *No Subtilty, nor Excuſe, can diſguiſe any thing from his peirceing Eyes. All is full of* God, *and* God *is in All!*

You ſee here, (my Son) that this *Oracle*, favours not very much of the *Devil*. At leaſt, (anſwered I) the *Devil* in this, is very wide from the Character which is given of him. Here is another (anſwered he) which is rather better.

An *ORACLE.*

THere is in God *an Immenſe Profoundity of Flame! Nevertheleſs, the Heart ſhould not fear to touch this Adorable Fire, or to be touched by it: It will never be conſumed by this ſo ſweet Fire; whoſe Mild and Tranquil Heat,*

Heat, makes the Binding, the Harmony, and the Duration of the World. Nothing ſubſiſts but by this Fire, which is God *Himſelf. No Perſon begot Him: He is without Mother: He knows all Things, and can be taught Nothing. He is Infallible in his Deſignes, and his Name is unſpeakable. Behold now, what* God *is! As for Us, who are his Meſſengers; WE ARE BUT A LITTLE PART OF GOD.*

Well, Sir! What ſay you now to this? I would ſay to both theſe, (reply'd I) That *God* can force the *Father of Lyes*, to bear Witneſs to the Truth. Pray then obſerve another, (continued the *Count*) which will clear *you* of this Scruple.

An *ORACLE.*

ALAS, *O ye* TRIPODES! *Lament, and make the Funeral Oration of your* Apollo: *HE IS MORTAL! HE IS GOING TO DYE! HE IS EXTINCT! Becauſe the Light of the Heavenly Flame makes him extinguiſh.*

You ſee plainly, (my Son) that he, whatſoever he be, that ſpeaks in theſe *Oracles*, and who ſo well explains to the *Pagans*, the Eſſence, the Unity, the Immenſity, and the Eternity of *God*; He declares, that he is Mortal, and that he is but a Spark of *God.* It is not therefore the *Devil* who Speaks, ſince he is Immortal; and that *God* would not force him to ſay, that he was not ſo. It is concluded, that *Satan* is never divided

vided againſt himſelf. For, Would it be the way to make him Adored, to ſay, that there is but one *God?* He ſayes, That he is Mortal. Since when, has the *Devil* been ſo Humble, as to take away from his Natural Qualities? You may ſee then, (my Son) that if the Being of Him who is called by way of Excellence, the *God of Knowledge*, ſubſiſts, it cannot be the *Devil*, who ſpake in the *Oracles*.

But if it be not the *Devil*, (ſaid I to him) either Lying out of the Wantonneſs of his Heart, or telling Truth by Conſtraint, when he ſpeaks of *God*; To what then will your *Cabal* attribute all theſe *Oracles*, which you maintain, have been really given forth? Is it to an Exhalation of the Earth, as *Ariſtotle*, *Cicero*, and *Plutarch* ſuppoſe? No ſuch thing, my Child, (ſaid the *Count*) Thanks to the

Sacred *Cabal*, I have not my Imagination clouded to ſuch a Degree. How? (replyed I) Do you Eſteem this Opinion ſo Phanatick? The Favourers of it, are Perſons of clear Senſe: They are not, my Child, I can aſſure you, of this Judgment, (continued he) It is impoſſible, to attribute to this Exhaltion, all what has paſſed in theſe *Oracles*. As for Example; That Man (ſpoken of by *Tacitus*) who appeared in a Dream to the *Prieſts* of *Hercules*'s Temple in *Armenia*, and commanded them to get them Horſes ready for Hunting. Thus far might it have been an Exhalation: But when theſe *Courſers* returned at Night quite tyred, and their Quivers emptied of all their Arrows; and that the next Morning, there were found as many Beaſts kil'd in the Forreſt, as they had put Arrows into their Quivers: You muſt con-

confeſs, that it could not be an Exhaltion, that could work this Effect. It could leſs be the *Devil*; for that would be to have a Notion not at all Reaſonable, nor *Cabaliſtick*, of the Miſery of the Enemy of *God*, to think, that he were permitted to divert himſelf with Courſing of *Hares*, and *Wild-Beaſts*.

To what then (ſaid I to him) does the Sacred *Cabal* attribute all this? Hold (anſwered he) before I diſcover this Myſtery to you, I muſt cure your Spirits of this Fancy, with which they may be prepoſſeſſed, concerning this pretended Exhalation; for methought, that you cited with an Emphaſis, *Ariſtotle*, *Plutarch*, and *Cicero*: You might likewiſe have cited *Jamblicus*, who, as great a Wit as he was, was ſome time in this Error; which nevertheleſs, he ſoon quitted, after he had

had better examined the Matter in the Book of *Myſteries*.

Petrus Aponius, *Pomponacius*, *Levinius*, *Sirenius*, and *Lucilius Vaninus*, are infinitly pleaſed to have found this Defect in any of the *Antients*. All theſe pretended great Wits, who when they ſpeak of Divine things, rather ſay what they deſire, than what they know; they will not allow any thing Supernatural to be in *Oracles*, for fear of acknowledging ſomething above man, They are ſo afraid, to have a Ladder made them to Climb up to God; that they dare not acknowledge by degrees, theſe Spiritual Creatures: they rather chooſe to build one, to Deſcend by it into nothing. Inſtead of raiſeing themſelves up towards Heaven, they Creep down into the Earth: and inſtead of mans ſearching among the Superiour

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Beings, for the Cauſe of theſe Tranſports, which carry him above himſelf, and make him in a manner a Divinity, they weakly Attribute to impowerful Exhalation. This force of penetrating into what is to come, of diſcovering things conceal'd, and Advancing himſelf up, even to the higheſt Secrets of the Divine Eſſence.

Such is the miſery of Man, when the Spirit of Contradiction, and Humor of thinking contrary to others, does poſſeſs him! Far off from attaining his Ends, he runs himſelf into a miſt, and loſes himſelf. Theſe *Libertines* will not ſubject men to Subſtances, leſs material than himſelf, and yet, ſubject him to an Exhalation: And without conſidering that there is no parallel between this *Chymerick Smoke*, and the Soul of man, between this Vapour

pour and future things, between this frivolous Cauſe, and theſe miraculous Effects. It ſuffices them to be ſingular, to believe, that they are reaſonable; 'Tis enough for them to deny Spirits, and alſo to uphold the power of them.

Then does ſingularity ſo much diſpleaſe you, Sir? (interrupted I) Ah my Son! (ſaid he to me) 'Tis the Peſt of good ſenſe, and the ſtumbling-block of the greateſt Wits. *Ariſtotle* as great a *Logician* as he was, knew not how to avoid this infection, or phantaſy of ſingularity, much leſs thoſe whom it works upon as violently as him; He could not avoid (I ſay) puzling himſelf, nor knew he how to get clear again. He ſays in his Book of *The Generation of Animalls*, and in his *Morals*, That the Wit and Underſtanding of a man comes to him

him from without, and that it cannot come to us from our Father, and by the ſpirituality of the operations of our Soul, he concludes, that it is of another nature, than this material compoſition which it Animates, and whereof the groſeneſs does but cloud the ſpeculations, not at all contributing to their Production. Blind *Ariſtotle*! ſince that according to your ſenſe, our material Compoſition cannot be the ſource of our ſpiritual Thoughts, what do you mean, that a weak Exhalation, can be the cauſe of moſt ſublime Thoughts, and of the Raptures wherewith the *Phythians* were ſeized, when they thus gave out their *Oracles*. You may eaſily ſee (my Child) that this great Wit Came ſhort; and that his Singularity was the Cauſe of it. You reaſon very juſtly, Sir, (ſaid I to him, being

ing infinitly pleaſed to hear at laſt, that he ſpake very good Senſe; and hoping Folly was not an incureable evil) I would to *God* that ——

Plutarch, though otherwiſe ſolid, (continued he, interrupting me) in his Dialogue, is ſorry, that the *Oracles* were Ceas'd. He Objects convincing reaſons, which he leaves unreſolved. Why does he not anſwer, to what is ſaid? That if it be an Exhalation, which is cauſe of this Tranſport, all thoſe who approach the *Prophetick Tripos*, would be ſeized with an *Enthuſiaſme*; and not one Maid only, and ſhe alſo muſt be a Virgin. But how could this Voice make an Articulate Sound, through the Belly? Moreover, this Exhalation is a Natural Cauſe, and of neceſſity, muſt work its Effect regularly, and always; Why then

then is not this Maid inſpir'd, but then when ſhe is conſulted? And what is more to the Purpoſe? Why has the Earth ceaſed to vent thoſe Divine Vapors? Is it leſs Earth, than it was? Has it received other Influences? Hath it other *Rivers*, and other *Seas?* Who elſe has thus open'd its Pores, or chang'd its Nature.

I admire *Pomponacius*, *Lucilius*, and other *Libertines*, for having taken this Idæa of *Plutarch*, and left the manner whereby he explains it. He ſpake more Judiciouſly, than *Cicero* and *Ariſtotle*, as being a Man of good Reaſon: *But* not knowing what to conclude of all theſe *Oracles*, after a tedious irreſolution, he gives his Opinion, that this Exhalation which he believed came out of the Earth, was a moſt *Divine Spirit*. So he Attributed to the *Divinity*,

vinity, theſe Motions, and theſe extraordinary Lights of the *Prieſteſſes* of *Apollo*. *This Divining Vapour* (ſays he) *is a moſt Divine Breath, and a moſt Holy Spirit.* *Pomponacius*, *Lucilius*, and the Modern *Athiſts*, do not conclude it in this phraſe of Speech, which ſuppoſes a *Divinity*. Theſe Exhalations (ſay they) were of the nature of thoſe Vapours which infeſted the *Hypocondriacks*, who ſpake Languages which they underſtood not. But *Fernelius* refutes theſe Impious *Wretches* very well, by proving, that the Bile, which is a ſmarting humour, cannot cauſe this diverſity of Languages, which is one of the moſt marvellous Effects of conſideration, and an Artificial Expreſſion of our thoughts. Nevertheleſs he has decided the point but imperfectly; when he has ſubſcribed to *Pſellius*, and all thoſe who have not

not penetrated deep enough into our holy Phyloſophy. Not knowing where to find the cauſes of theſe ſo unapprehenſible Effects. He has imitated the Women and *Nunns*, and attributed them to the Devil. To what then muſt they be attributed, (ſaid I to him) for I have been long expecting this Cabaliſtique ſecret.

Plutarch alſo has very well obſerved (ſaid he to me) and he had done well, if he had ſtopped there. This irregular manner of explaining it ſelf by an indecent Organ, not being grave enough, nor befitting the Majeſty of the Gods (ſaid this *Pagan*) and that which the *Oracles* did ſay, ſurpaſſing alſo the power of the Soul of Man; Thoſe have rendred a great ſervice to Phyloſophy, who have eſtabliſhed mortal creatures between the Gods and Men, to whom

whom might be imputed all that which ſurpaſſes humane weakneſs, and which approaches not to the Divine Granduer.

This is the opinion of all the Ancient Phyloſophy. The *Platoniſts* and *Pythagorians* took it from the *Egyptians*, and they from *Joſeph* the *Patriarch*, and from the *Hebrews*, who dwelt in *Eygypt* before their paſſage through the *Red-Sea*. The *Hebrews* called theſe ſubſtances which are between an Angel and a Man, *Sadaim*; and the *Greeks* tranſpoſing the Sillables, and adding two Letters, called them *Diamonas*. Theſe *Demons* according to the antient Phyloſophers, were an Aerial People, bearing rule over the Elements, Mortal, ingendring and multiplying; unknown in this Age, by by thoſe who make but little ſearch after Truth in her ancient Dwelling, that is to ſay, in the *Cabal*, and

and in the *Theology* of the *Hebrews*, who had *found out* amongſt them the particular art of entertaining this Aerial Nation, and of converſing with all the inhabitants of the Air. —

Why, Look ye here, Sir; you are come again to your *Sylphes* (interrupted I) yes my Son (continued he) The *Teraphim* of the *Jews*, was nothing but the ceremony which was to be obſerved for this commerce; and the *Jew Micha* who complained in the Book of *Judges*, that they had taken away his Gods, crys not but for the loſs of a little Statue in which the *Sylphes* entertained him. The Gods which *Rachel* ſtole from her Father was alſo a *Teraphim*. *Micha* and *Laban* were neither reproved of Idolatry, and *Jacob* would never have been perſwaded to live forty Years with an Idolater, nor have eſpouſed his Daugh-

Daughter, it was but a Commerce with the *Sylphes*; and we know by tradition, that the *Synagoge* was permitted this commerce, and the Idolatry of *Davids* Wife was but a *Teraphim*, by favour of which ſhe entertained the Elementary People. For you may well imagine that the Prophet after Gods own Heart, would not have ſuffered Idolatry in his Houſe.

Theſe Elementary Nations, ſo long as God deferred the Salvation of the World, by puniſhment of the firſt Sin, took pleaſure to explain to men through the *Oracles*, what they knew of God; to teach them to live morally, to give them moſt ſage and proffitable councels, ſuch as thoſe which we find in *Plutarch*, and in all the Hiſtorians. But ſince that God took pitty of the World, and would himſelf become its Doctor, theſe little Maſters

ſters retired themſelves, and hence proceeded the Silence of the *Oracles*.

The reſult then of all your diſcourſe, Sir (ſaid I) is, that there have certainly been *Oracles*, and that it was the *Sylphs* who delivered them, and who ſtill do yeild them dayly in *Drinking* Glaſſes, or *Looking* Glaſſes. The *Sylphs*, or the *Salamanders*, the *Gnomes* or the *Undians* (replyed the Count) If it be ſo, (ſaid I) All the *Elementary* People are very diſhoneſt. Why ſo (ſaid he?) Why, was there ever ſuch knavery ſeen (purſued I) as all thoſe anſwers in a double ſence, which they always gave out? Always, (replyed he?) no no, not always. That *Sylphide* who appeared to *Q. Curtius Rufus* the *Roman* in *Africa*, at the Town of *Adrimetum*, who fore-told to him that he ſhould one day attain to the dignity of *Proconſul*: Did

Did ſhe ſpeak obſcurely? And does not *Tacitus*, and *Plinius Secundus* relate, how thoſe things came to paſs, which ſhe fore-told? That inſcription, and the Famous *Pictures*, mentioned in the Hiſtory of *Spain*, which were ſeen by the unfortunate King *Don Rogrido* the Second, that his curioſity in opening the Enchanted Cave, and his Incontinence, in deflouring the *Daughter of the Count *Don Julian*, ſhould be puniſhed by men Habited and Armed after the ſame manner as thoſe Pictures were, and that theſe ſwarthy men, being the Arabians or Moores ſhould Conquer *Spain*, and Raign a long time therein. Could all this be more clear, and did not the fulfilling thereof that ſame year, Juſtify it ſufficiently? Came not the *Moores* to Dethrone this Effeminate King?

*Elvira.

as

as you know the Hiſtory: And you may plainly ſee, that the Devil, who ſince the Reign, of the *Meſſias*, does not diſpoſe of Empires, could not be the Anthor of this *Oracle*, and that it was certainly ſome great *Cabaliſt*, who had learnt it of ſome of the moſt knowing *Salamanders*. For as the *Salamanders* do very much love Chaſtity, they willingly forewarn us of the Miſchiefs which muſt happen in the World by the Defect of this Virtue.

But, with your Pardon Sir, (ſaid I to him) do you eſteem that *Heteroclite Organ*, becoming the *Cabaliſtick*-Modeſty, out of which they uſe to Preach their Morality? Alaſs! (ſaid the *Count*, ſmiling) now have you again your Imagination clouded; and you ſee not the *Phyſical* Reaſon for this, that the enflamed *Salamander* is naturally delighted to be in

the moſt Fiery Places, and is attracted by the —— I underſtand, I underſtand you, (interrupted I) you need not give your ſelf the trouble to explain it further.

And as to the Obſcurity of ſome *Oracles*, (proceeded he, ſeriouſly) which you call an Impoſture; Is not Darkneſs the ordinary Habit of Truth? Is not *God* pleaſed to conceal himſelf in their dark Shaddows? And the continual *Oracle*, which he has left to his Children, the *Holy Scriptures*, were not they clouded with an Adorable Obſcurity, which confounds and diſtracts the Proud, as much as his Light guides the Humble?

If you have but this Difficulty, my Son, I would adviſe you, not to defer your entring into a Commerce with the *Elementary People*. You ſhall find them very Honeſt, full of Underſtanding,

Lovers

Lovers to do good, and fearing *God*. And I ſhould councel you, to begin with a *Salamander:* For you have *Mars* in the Height of *Heaven*, in your Figure; which is an infallible Signe, that there is a great deal of Fire in your Actions. And as for your Marriage, I am of opinion, that if you take a *Sylphide*, you would be Happyer with her, than any of the others; as having *Jupiter* at the Angle of your Aſcendant, which *VENUS* looks upon from a *Sextile*. Now *Jupiter* Rules over the Air, and the People of the Air. Nevertheleſs, you muſt conſult your Heart above all; for as you will one day ſee, 'tis by the Interior Stars, which the *Sage* is Governed by: And the Stars of the Exterior Heaven, ſerve but to make him know more certainly, the Aſpects of the Stars of the Interior Heaven, which is in every

Creature. So therefore, 'tis you now, that muſt tell me what your Inclination is; to the end, that we may proceed to your Alliance with theſe *Elementary People*, which you ſhall like beſt. Sir, (anſwered I) This Affair, in my Opinion, requires a little Conſideration. I like you for this Anſwer, (ſaid he to me, laying his Hand upon my Shoulder.) Conſult this Affair ſeriouſly with him, who for Excellency we call, *The Angel of the great Council.* Go kneel down to Prayer, and I ſhall come to you to Morrow at Two a Clock in the Afternoon.

We came back for *Paris*; and I, as we were upon our way, put him again upon the Diſcourſe againſt *Atheiſts* and *Libertines:* But I never heard one argue, nor ſpeak ſo well, ſuch high, and ſuch ſolid Things, for the Exiſtence of *God*, and againſt the Blindneſs of thoſe,

thoſe, who ſpend their Lives, without giving up themſelves intirely to a ſerious and continual Worſhip of him; from whom we have, and who likewiſe preſerves our Being. I was amazed at the Character of this Man; and was not able to comprehend how it could be, that he ſhould at the ſame time, be ſo Strong, and ſo Weak; ſo Admirable, and ſo Ridiculous.

Diſcourſe the Fourth.

I Expected at my Houſe, my Lord the *Count* of *Gabalis*, as we had agreed upon it, at our Parting. He came at the prefixed Hour: And accoſting me with a ſmiling Look; Well

now, my Son, (ſaid he to me) which ſort of the Inviſible People, has *God* given you the greateſt Appetite to? And, What Alliance do you like beſt; that of the *Salamanders*, of the *Gnomes*, of the *Sylphs*, or of the *Nymphs*? Sir, (anſwer'd I) I have not yet fully reſolved upon this Marriage. Why? where ſticks it now? (demanded he.) To deal freely and plainly with you, Sir, (replyed I to him) I cannot yet cure my Imagination; that ſtill repreſents to me, all theſe Hoſts of the *Elements*, as *Legions* of *Devils*. O Lord! (cryed he) thou *God* of Light, I beſeech thee, diſſipate the Clouds, which Ignorance, and perverſe Education, have thruſt into the Spirit of this idcredulous Man; whom Thou haſt made me know, is one deſigned for ſo great Things! And you, my Son, Do not ſhut up the

the Paſſage to this Truth, which might enter into you. Be docible: But now, I diſpence with your being ſo; for I might ſo be Injurious to the Truth, to prepare its wayes: She knows how to force open Gates of Iron, and can enter where ſhe liſts, in deſpight of all the Reſiſtance of Falſhood. What can induce you to oppoſe it? Is it becauſe you think, that *God* could not create theſe Subſtances in the Elements, ſuch as I have been painting out to you?

I am not well ſatisfyed, (ſaid I to him) whether or no there be a Poſſibility in the Thing it ſelf; if one Element can furniſh Blood, Fleſh, and Bones; if there can be a Temperament without Mixture, and Actions without Contrariety. But ſuppoſe *God* could make it, What ſolid Proof is there, that he did make it?

Shall I convince you now pre-

ſently (replyed he) without any more ado? I will cauſe to come hither the *Sylphs* of *Cardan:* You may underſtand from their own Mouths, what they are, and what I have been teaching you of them. By no means, I beſeech you, (cryed I out, affrightedly) Forbear, I conjure you, this kind of Proof, till ſuch time as I ſhall be perſwaded, that theſe ſame People are not Enemies to *God:* For as to that, I ſhould rather chooſe to Dye, than give this trouble to my Conſcience of —— —

Behold! Behold the ignorant and falſe Piety of theſe unhappy Times! (interrupted the *Count*, in a Cholerick Tone.) Why then do they not blot out of the Kalender of Saints, the greateſt of all the *Anachorites?* And, Why do they not burn his Statues? 'Tis a great wonder, that they inſult not over his venerable Aſhes!

And

And that they ſcatter them not in the VVind, as they have done to thoſe unhappy Wretches, who have been Accuſed for having had Commerce with the *Devils*. Are we adviſed to Exorcize the *Sylphs?* And have they not been treated as Men? What have you to ſay to that *Maſter Scrupulous*, you, and all your miſerable Doctors? The *Sylphe*, who diſcourſed of his own Nature to this *Patriarch*, Was it, in your opinion, an Imp of the *Devil?* Was it with a Fiend, that this incomparable Man argued about the *Goſpel?* And will you accuſe him, for having profaned the adorable Myſteries, in diſcourſing them with a Phantaſme, an Enemy of *God?* *Athanaſius*, and *Hierom*, are then very unworthy of the great Name, which they have amongſt your Wiſe-Men, for having writ with ſo much Eloquence, the *Elogy* of

a Man who treated the *Devils* ſo Humanly. If they took this *Sylphe* for a *Devil*, the Adventure ſhould have been concealed, or the Preaching of a Spirit retracted, and this ſo pathetick Apoſtrophe, which the *Anachoret*, (more zealous, & more credulous than you) made at the City of *Alexandria*: And if they have taken it for a Creature, having a ſhare, as it aſſured him, in the Redemption as well as we. And if this Apparition, according to their opinion, be an extraordinary Favor which *God* did the Saint, whoſe Life they writ; Are you in your Wits, that would appear to be wiſer than *Athanaſius* and *Hierom*; and more Holy than the Divine Saint *Anthony*? What would you have ſaid to this Man, had you been of the Number of the Ten Thouſand ſolitary Perſons, to whom he related the Con-

Converſation, which he had newly enjoy'd with the *Sylphe*? Wiſer, and more enlightned, than all theſe Terreſtrial Angels. You had, without doubt, remonſtrated to the Holy *Abbot*, that his Adventure was but a meer Illuſion: And you had diſwaded his Diſciple *Athanaſius*, from publiſhing to all the World, a Hiſtory ſo little conformable to Religion, to *Philoſophy*, and to Common Senſe. Is it not true?

'Tis true (ſaid I to him) that I ſhould have been of opinion either to have ſaid nothing at all, elſe to have ſaid more. *Athanaſius* and *Hierom* (purſued he) cared not for ſaying more, for they knew no better than that; and if they had known all, which they could not do, unleſs they had been of us, they would not have raſhly devulged the ſecrets of the *Sages*.

But

But why (ſaid I) did not this *Sylphe* propoſe to Saint *Anthony*, what you propoſed to me to day? what's that (ſaid the Count, Smiling) Marriage? alas! Had this been to any purpoſe? 'Tis true (replyed I) that in all likelyhood, the Good Man would not have accepted the proffer. No certainly (ſaid the Count) for it would have been to tempt God, to have Marryed at that Age, and to have deſired Children of him. How? (demanded I) then do they Marry with theſe *Sylphes*, to have Children by them? Why, (ſaid he) who was ever permitted to be Marryed for any other end? I did not think, (anſwerred I) that this had been intended for Propagation. I had ſuppoſed, that the End, and Intention of all this, had been but to Immortalize the *Sylphides*.

Ha! (purſued he) you are Wag-

Waggiſh. The Charity of the Philoſophers propoſes for its end, the immortality of the *Sylphides*: but Nature makes them deſire to ſee them Fruitful. You ſhall ſee when you pleaſe, in the Air the Philoſophique Families. It were a happy World, were there none but theſe Families, and if there were none of the Children of Sin. What do you mean by the Children of Sin? Sir (interrupted I.)

They are (my Son, continued he) They are all thoſe Children who are born after the ordinary way; Children conceived by the Will of the Fleſh, not by the Will of God; Children of Wrath, and of the Curſe; In a word, Children of Man and Woman. You have a mind to interrupt me. I perceive, what you would ſay to me. 'Tis true, (my Child) You muſt know that it was never

ver the Will of God, that Man and Woman ſhould have Children as they have. The deſign of the moſt prudent Artiſt was far more noble, he intended to have peopled the World, after a different manner than it is. If *the* miſerable *Adam*, had not fooliſhly diſobeyed the order which he had from God, not to touch *Eve*; and that he had been contented with the other Fruits of the Garden of pleaſure, with all the Beautys of the *Nymphs* and *Sylphides*: The World had not ſuffered the ſhame of ſeeing it ſelf peopled with Men ſo imperfect, that they may paſs for Monſters, where the Children of Phyloſophers are preſent.

How Sir (ſaid I to him) you think, ſo far as I perceive, that the Sin of *Adam* was ſomething elſe than eating of the Apple? Why, my Son (replied the Count) are

are you of the Number of thoſe, who have the ſimplicity, to take the Hiſtory of the Apple, in the litteral ſence? Alas! you muſt know, that the Holy Tongue uſes innocent Metaphors, to remove from us, the unſeemly Ideas of an action, which has been cauſe of all the miſeries of mankind. For ſo, when *Saloman* ſaid, *I will get upon the* Palm, *and I will gather the Fruits thereof*; He had another Appetite than eating Dates. This Tongue which the Angels conſecrate, and whereof they make uſe, to ſing their Hymns to the Living God; has not a term to expreſs that, which it names figuratively an Apple or Date. But the *Sage* unriddles theſe chaſt figures, when he ſees that the Pallat and Mouth of *Eve* eſcape unpuniſhed, and that ſhe brings forth with pain, he knew that it was not the Pallat that had been criminal;

minal; and diſcovering what the firſt Sin was, by the care which the firſt Sinners took to cover with leaves certain parts of their Bodies; He concluded that God would not have had men multiply by this beaſtly way. O *Adam!* thou ſhouldeſt not have begot men, but ſuch as ſhould have been like thy ſelf, or elſe *Heroes* or *Gyants*.

Alas! what expedient (interrupted I) can there be for reparation of one or other of theſe marvellous generations. Obey God (replyed he) Touch none but the *Nymphs*, the *Gnomes*, the *Sylphides*, or the *Salamanders*. So ſhould we ſee *Heroes* born, and the *Univerſe* fill'd with marvellous People, repleat with ſtrength and wiſdome. God would have us conjecture the difference, which there was between that Innocent, and this Culpable World which we ſee;

By

By permitting us from time to time, to ſee Children Born, after that manner which he had projected. Then has there Sir (interrupted I) been now and then ſeen of theſe Children of the Elements? If ſo, a Licenciate of *Sorbonne*, who quoted to me the other day, St. *Auguſtin*, St. *Jerom* and *Gregory* of *Nazianzen*, is miſtaken, believing that there could not be any fruit produced, of theſe amours with Spirits for our Wives, or by the commerce that men might have with certain Devils, which he called *Hyphialtes*.

Lactantius has diſcourſed it better (replyed the Count) and the ſolid *Thomas Aquinas*, has wiſely reſolved it, that the commerces would not only be Fruitful, but that the Children which are Born from them, are of a more generous, and more heroick nature. You ſhall read at large, when you pleaſe,

pleaſe, the great Atchievements of the puiſſant and famous men, which *Moſes* writes of: born after this manner; we have the Hiſtories by us. In the Book of the Wars of the Lord, mentioned in the three and twentyeth Chapter of *Numbers*. In the mean time Judge what the World would be, if all its Inhabitants were, for example, like *Zoroaſter*.

Zoroaſter, (ſaid I) who by report was the Author of *Necromancy?* The very ſame (ſaid the *Count*) of whom the Ignorants write this Calumny. He had the Honour to be ſon of the Salamander *Oromaſis*, and *Veſta*, the Wife of *Noah*: He lived twelve Hundred Years, the moſt Sage Monarch of the World, and then was carried up by his Father *Oromaſis*, into the Region of the *Salamanders*. I do not doubt (ſaid I to him) but that *Zoroaſter* is

is with the *Salamander Oromaſis* in the Region of Fire: But I would not do to *Noah* that injury, which you do him.

The injury, is not ſo great as you may believe; (anſwered the *Count*) all theſe Patriarches eſteemed it a great honour to be the ſuppoſed Fathers which the Children of God had by their Wives: But ſtill this is out of your Element. Let us come to *Oromaſis*, he was beloved by *Veſta*, the Wife of *Noah*. This *Veſta* being Dead, was the Tutelar Genius of *Rome*; and the ſacred Fire, which ſhe ordained that the Virgins ſhould preſerve with ſo much Care, was, in honour of the *Salamander* her Gallant. Beſides *Zoroaſter*, there was born from their Loines, a Daughter of rare Beauty, and of an excellent Wiſdom; It was the divine *Egeria*, from whom

Numa

Numa Pauphilius received all his Laws. She obliged *Numa*, who loved her, to erect a Temple to her mother *Veſta*, where that ſacred Fire was kept in honour of her Father *Oromaſis*. Behold the verity of the Fable, which the Roman Poets and Hiſtorians have conceived of the Nymph *Egeria*. *Gulielmus Poſtellus*, one of the leaſt ignorant of all thoſe who have ſtudied the Cabal in his ordinary Books, has obſerv'd that *Veſta*, was the Daughter of *Noah*: But he was ignorant that *Egeria* was Daughter of that *Veſta*, and having read the ſecret Books of the ancient Cabal, of which the Prince of *Miranda* bought a Copy at ſo dear a rate. He has confounded things, believing only that *Egeria* was the good Genius of *Noah's* Wife: But we learn in theſe Books, that *Egeria* was

was Conceived upon the Waters, at that time when as *Noah* was toſſed to and fro, on thoſe revenging Waves, which drown'd the Univerſe: The women then were reduced to that ſmall number, who were ſav'd in the Cabaliſque Ark, which this ſecond Father of the world had built. This great man lamented to ſee the dreadful puniſhment, with which the Lord chaſtiſed the Crime, cauſed by the Love, which *Adam* had had for his *Eve*. Seeing that *Adam* had deſtroyed his Poſterity, by preferring *Eve* before the Daughters of the *Elements*; and by taking her from the *Salamanders* or *Sylphs*, which knew how to make themſelves beloved by her. *Noah*, I ſay, became Wiſe by the ſad example of *Adam*, conſented, that *Veſta* his Wife, ſhould be given to the Salamander *Oromaſis*

Oromaſis, Prince of the Igneean Subſtances; and perſwaded his three Children alſo, to give their three Wives, to the Princes of the three other Elements. The Univerſe in a little time was repeopled with Heroick Men, ſo Wiſe, ſo Beautiful, and ſo Admirable, that their Poſterity admiring their Vertue, have adored them as Deities. One of the Children of *Noah* Rebelled againſt the Counſel of his Father, not being able to reſiſt the attractions of his Wife, no more than *Adam* could the Charms of his *Eve*: But as the ſin of *Adam* had left a Tincture upon the Souls of all his *Deſcendants*; ſo this want of complacency, which *Cham* had for the *Sylphs*, marked all his Poſterity Black. Hence comes (ſay our *Cabaliſtes*) that Horrible Blackneſs of the *Æthiopians*, and

all

all thoſe hideous People, who are commanded to dwell under the *Torrid Zone*, as a puniſhent for the profane Appetite of their Father.

Theſe are very particular Relations Sir (ſaid I, admiring the Extravagancy of this man) and it ſeemes, that your *Cabal* is of marvellous uſe, for the giving Light to Antiquity. So marvellous (reply'd he Gravely) that without it, Scripture, Hiſtory, Fable, and Nature, are obſcure and unintelligible. You believe, for Example, that the injury which *Cham* did to his Father, was ſuch, as it ſeemes to be by the Letter: Truly, it is clear another thing. *Noah* came out of the Ark, and ſeeing that *Veſta* his Wife did nothing but trick up her ſelf, for the Commerce which ſhe had with her Gallant *Oromaſis*, becomes paſſionately in

love

love with her again; *Cham* fearing that his Father would ſtock the Earth with another Race of people as black as his *Æthiopians*, took his opportunity one day, when the good old Man was overcome with Wine, and Gelt him without Mercy. Do you Laugh?

I laugh at the indiſcreet Zeal of *Cham*. (Said I to him) You ſhould rather admire (replied the *Count*) the goodneſs of the Salamander *Oromaſis*, whoſe jealouſy did not hinder him from pitying the diſgrace of his Rival. He taught his Son *Zoraſter*, otherwiſe called *Japhet*, the Name of the Almighty God, which expreſſes his Eternal Fæcundity: *Japhet* pronounced ſix times, altervatively with his Brother *Sem*, going backward towards the Patriarch, the powerful name *JABAMIAH*; and ſo they

they reſtored the old Man whole again. This Hiſtory, ill underſtood by the Greeks, made them ſay, that the Ancienteſt of the Gods, had been Celded by one of his Children: But here you ſee the truth of the buſineſs. Where you may obſerve, how much in their morality, the people of the Fire are more Humane than ours, and indeed, exceeding that of the people of the Air, or of the Water; For the Jealouſy of theſe is cruel, as the Divine *Paracelſus* has ſhewn us in an Adventure which he relates, and which was ſeen by all the People of the City of *Stauffemberg*. A *Philoſopher*, with whom a *Nymph* was entred into a Commerce of Immortality, was ſo diſhoneſt a Man, as to fall in Love with a *Woman*: But as he Dined with his new Miſtreſs, and certain of his Friends, there

was ſeen in the Air, the Loveli-eſt Creature of the World; which was the Inviſible Lover, that had a mind to let her ſelf be ſeen by the Friends of her unfaithful Gal-lant; that they might Judg how little reaſon he could have, to prefer a *Woman* before her. Af-ter which the enraged *Nymph* ſtruck him dead immediately.

Ha! Sir, (cryed I) that might give me ſufficient Diſguſt againſt theſe ſo Jealous Lovers. I con-feſs, (purſued he) that their Jea-louſy is a little violent. But if amongſt our *Women*, we have ſeen enraged Lovers kill their perju-red Gallants; we ſhould not won-der, that theſe Lovers, ſo fair, and ſo faithful, are tranſported when they are dealt falſly with: So much the more, in regard that they require Men but to abſtain from *Women*, whoſe Defects they cannot abide; and that they per-

mit

mit us to Love amongſt them, as many as we pleaſe. They prefer the Intereſt and Immortality of their Fellows, before their own particular Satisfaction: And they are glad, that the *Sages* give to their Republick ſo many Immortal Children, as they are able to give.

But pray, Sir, (demanded I) How comes it to paſs, that there are ſo few Examples of all this which you tell me? There are a great number, my Child (anſwered he) But Men make not a true Reflection, where they adjoyn not their Faith; where (I ſay) they explain it ill, for want of a true Knowlede of our Principles. They attribute to the *Devils*, all that which ſhould be attributed to the People of the *Elements*. A little *Gnome* got into the Affections of the Famous *Magdalen of the Croſs*, Abbeſs of

a *Monaſtery* at *Cordova* in *Spain*; ſhe made him Happy, when ſhe was but twelve Years old; and they continued their Commerce for the ſpace of thirty Years: until an Ignorant Director perſwaded *Magdalen*, that her Lover was a Fiend; and forced her to demand Abſolution of Pope *Paul* the Third. Yet it is impoſſible, that this could be a *Dæmon*: For all *Europe* knew, and *Caſſiodorus Renius* has made known to all Poſterity, the great Miracles which dayly were wrought in favor of this Holy Woman; which certainly had never come to paſs, if her Commerce with the *Gnome* had been ſo Diabolick, as the Venerable Director imagined. The ſame Doctor would have affirmed very poſitively, if I am not miſtaken, That the *Sylphe* who Immortalized himſelf with *Gertrud*, the young Religious *Nun*, at

at the *Monaſtery* of *Nazareth*, in the Diœceſs of *Cologne*, was ſome *Devil*. Truly, (ſaid I to him) ſo do I too. Ah! my Son, (purſued the *Count*, ſmiling) if that were true, the *Devil* would not be very miſerable; could he have the Power to entertain a Commerce of Gallantry with a pritty Wench of Thirteen Years old, and write her Amorous Letters, which were found in her Cabinet.

No, no, (my Child) Believe, that the *Devil* in his Region of Death, has Employment more ſad, and more conformable to the Shame which the *God* of Purity has ordain'd for him. But ſo it is, that Men voluntarily ſhut their Eyes. We find, for example, in *Titus Livius*, that *Romulus* was the Son of *Mars*: Your great Wits ſay, 'Tis a Fable: Your Divines, That he was the Son of an *Incubus*: The merry Wags, That Mi-

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ſtriſs *Sylvia* had loſt her Gloves, and for an Excuſe to hide her Shame, gave out a Report, that the *God* had ſtoln them. We, who know Nature, and whom *God* has called from Darkneſs to this admirable Light; we know, that this pretended *Mars* was a *Salamander*, who enamoured with the Young *Silvia*, made her the Mother of *Romulus*. This *Heroe*, who after he had founded his Magnificient City, was carryed away by his Father in a Flaming Chariot, as *Zoroaſter* was by *Oramaſis*.

Another *Salamander* was the Father of *Servius Tullius*. *Titus Livius* ſayes, That it was the *God of Fire*, being deceived by the Reſemblance; and the Ignorants have followed the ſame Opinion of it, as of the Father of *Romulus*. The Famous *Hercules*, the Invincible *Alexander*, were Sons of

of ſome of the great *Sylphs*. The Hiſtorians not knowing this, have ſaid, that *Jupiter* was their Father. They ſaid true: For as you have learnt; Theſe *Sylphs Nymphs*, and *Salamanders*, being made Deities; The Hiſtorians, who believed them ſo, call all thoſe who were born of them, *Children of the Gods*.

Such was the Divine *Plato*, the more Divine *Apollonius Thianeus*, *Theſeus*, *Achilles*, *Sarpedon*, the Pious *Æneas*, and the Famous *Melchiſedeck*: For, Do you know who was the Father of *Melchiſedeck*? No truly, (ſaid I to him) for St. *Paul* knew it not. Then ſay, that he would not tell it, (continued the *Count*) and that he was not permitted to reveal the *Cabaliſtick Myſteries*. He knew well enough, that the Father of *Milchiſedeck* was a *Sylphe*; and that the King of *Salem* was Con-

ceived in the *Ark*, by the Wife of *Sem*. The manner of this Prieſts ſacrifizing, was the ſame which his Couſin *Egeria* taught King *Numa*; as alſo, the Adoration of a Sovereign Divinity, without Image, and without Statue. For which reaſon, the *Romans* becoming *Idolaters*, ſometime after burnt the Holy Books of *Numa*, which *Egeria* had dictated. The firſt God of the *Romans*, was the True *God*; Their Sacrifices were true: They offered Bread and Wine to the Soveraign Maſter of the World: But all this was afterwards perverted. Nevertheleſs, *God* was pleaſed, in reward of this firſt Worſhip, to give to this City, which had acknowledged his Soveraignty, the Empire of the Univerſe. The ſame Sacrifice, which *Melchiſedeck* ——

I beſeech you, Sir, (interrupted I) let us leave off this of *Melchiſe-*

chiſedeck, the *Sylphe* that begot him, his Couſin *Egeria*, and the Sacrifice of Bread and Wine. Theſe Examples are fetcht a far off; you would oblige me, would you produce ſome Examples of a freſher Date: For I have heard a Doctor ſay, being asked what was become of all the Companions of that *Satyre*, which appeared to Saint *Anthony*, and which you call a *Sylphe*, That all thoſe kind of People now are Dead. So all the Elementary People may poſſibly be periſhed; ſince you affirm them to be Mortal, and that we hear no more News of them.

Would to *God!* (ſaid the *Count* in a Fury) Would to *God*, that I knew nothing, that ſo I might keep this Ignorant ſtill in his Ignorance; who maintains ſo ſottiſhly, what he underſtands not! May *God* confound him, and all ſuch as he is! Where has he

learnt, that the *Elements* are voyd? and that theſe marvellous People are reduced to their Nothing? Would he but give himſelf the trouble to read a few Hiſtories, and not attribute to the *Devil*, what is done by Nature; as the good Old Wives do all that, which paſſes their *Chymerick Theory*; There would at all times, and in all places, be found Proofs enough of what I am telling you.

What would your Doctor ſay to this Authentick Hiſtory, which happened not long ſince in *Spain*? A Beauteous *Sylphide* made her ſelf be beloved by a *Spaniard*, lived three Years with him, had three pretty Children by him, and then dyed. Muſt we ſay, that this was a *Devil*? What a wiſe Anſwer would this be! According to what Phyſicks, could the *Devil* organize the Body of a *Woman*, Conceive, Bring-forth, and

and give Suck? VVhat Proof is there in the Scripture, of this Extravagant Power, which your Divines are obliged, in this Rancounter, to give to the *Devil?* And with what probable Reaſon could their weak Phyſicks furniſh them? The *Jeſuit Delrio*, being of a large Faith, relates at large, many of theſe Adventures; and without troubling himſelf for Phyſical Reaſons, diſpatches the Buſineſs in a word; ſaying, That theſe *Sylphides* were *Dæmons:* So true it is, that the greateſt Doctors, do for the moſt part, know no more of them, than ſimple Women! So true it is, that *God* is pleaſed to retire into his Cloudy Throne, and thickning the darkneſs which encompaſſeth his Omnipotent Majeſty, he inhabits an inacceſſible Light, and lets not his Truths be ſeen but by the humble of Heart. Learn to be Humble, my Son, if you

you would penetrate the ſacred Clouds, which environ Truth. Learn of the Sages not to give to the *Devil*'s any power over nature, ſince the Fatal ſtone has cloſed them in the Pits of the Abyſs. Learn of the *Pyhloſophers*, to ſearch always after Natural cauſes, in any extraordinary Accident; and when Natural cauſes fail; have recourſe to God, and to his Holy Angels, but never to the *Devil*'s, who have no power over any thing, but to ſuffer; otherwiſe you will blaſpheme, many times when you think not on't, and you will attribute to the *Devil* the Honour of the moſt marvellous works of nature.

When you ſhall be told, for example, That the Divine *Apollonius Thianeus* was conceived without the operation of any Man, and that one of the moſt illuſtrious *Salamanders* deſcended to immortalize

lize himſelf with his Mother: Will you ſay that this *Salamander* was a *Dæmon*, and will you aſcribe the Glory to the *Devil*, of generating one of the greateſt Men, that ever proceeded from our Phyloſophick Marriages.

But Sir, (interrupted I) this *Apollonius*, is reputed amongſt us, for a great *Sorcerer*, and that is all the good they ſay of him. Behold (proceeded the Count) one of the moſt admirable effects of Ignorance, and ill Education! Becauſe we have heard our Nurſes, tell us tales of Witches and Conjures; whatſoever is done by extraordinary means, muſt needs have the Devil for its Author. The great Doctors are at a fine paſs, they ſhall not be believed, if they ſpake not as our Nurſes do. *Apollonius* was not begot by a Man: He underſtood the Language of Birds; He was ſeen in

two divers parts of the World in one day: He vaniſhed from before the Emperour *Domitian*, who would have puniſhed him; He raiſed a Maid from the Dead, by vertue of *Onomancy*; He told at *Epheſus* before an Aſſembly of all *Aſia*, that at that very inſtant the Tyrant was kill'd at *Rome*. How lies the queſtion to Judge of this Man? The Nurſe ſays, that he is a *Sorcerer*; St. *Jerom*, and St. *Juſtin* the *Martyr* ſay, that he was but a great *Philoſopher*: *Jerom*, *Juſtin*, and our *Cabaliſts*, they muſt be Phantaſticks; and the ſilly VVoman muſt carry it. Ha! Let the Ignorant periſh in his Ignorance: But you, my Child, ſave your ſelf from the Shipwrack.

VVhen you ſhall read that the famous *Merlin*, was born without the operation of any Man, of a Religious VVoman, the Daughter of the King of Great *Brittain*, and

and that he foretold what ſhould come to paſs, more clearly than ever *Tyreſias* did; Say not with the People, that he was the Son of an *Incubus*, ſince it was no ſuch thing; nor did he ever prophecy by the art of the Devil: Becauſe the Devil is the moſt ignorant of all Creatures, according to the Holy *Cabal.* Say with the *Sages*, that the *Brittiſh* Princeſs was comforted in her Solitude, by a *Sylph*, who had pitty on her: that he took care to divert her, that he knew how to pleaſe her, and that *Merlin* their Son, was Educated by the *Sylph*, in all the *Secret Sciences*, and taught by him to do all the Marvels, which the ſtory of *England* relates of him.

Nor muſt you do injury to the *Earls of Cleave*, to ſay that the *Devil* is their Father: And have a better Opinion of the *Sylphe*, of whom the Hiſtory ſayes, that he

he came to *Cleve* in a Miraculous Ship, drawn by a *Swan*, who was tyed to it by a Silver Chain. This Sylphe, after he had divers Children by the Heireſs of *Cleve*, went away at Noon-day, in the ſight of a VVorld of People, in his Airy Ship. VVhat has he done to your Doctors, that ſhould make them rank him amongſt the *Devils?*

But will you likewiſe handle ſo roughly the honour of the Houſe of *Luſignan?* And will you give a Diabolick Genealogy to the *Earls of Poitiers?* what will you ſay to their renowned Mother? I Believe Sir, (interrupted I) that you are going about to tell me the tale of *Meluſina*. Nay, If you deny the Hiſtory of *Meluſina*, (replyed he) I have done with you. If you deny that, I ſay, we muſt burn the Books of the great *Paracelſus*, who maintains in five or

ſix

ſix ſeveral places, that there is nothing more certain, than that this *Meluſina* was a *Nymph*; and you muſt alſo give your Hiſtorians the Lye, who ſay, that ſince her Death, or to ſpeak more properly, ſince ſhe diſappeared from the eyes of her Husband, ſhe has never failed (at all times when any of her poſterity have been threatned by ſome misfortune, or that ſome *King of France* ſhould dye in any extraordinary manner) to appear in Mourning, upon the great Tower of the Caſtle of *Luſignan*, which ſhe had cauſed to be built. You will have a quarrel with all thoſe who are deſcended from this *Nymph*, or who are allied to this Family; if you are obſtinate to maintain that this was a *Devil*.

Think you Sir (ſaid I to him) that theſe Lords are any thing more pleaſed, to deduce their Pedigree from the *Sylphs*? They would

would be better pleaſed, without doubt (replyed he) if they knew that which I teach you; and they would eſteem for a great honour theſe extraordinary Births. They would know, if they had any Light of the *Cabal*, that this way of Generation, being more conformable to the manner, by which God intended in the beginning, that the World ſhould be multiplyed; the Children which ſhould ſo be born are more happy, more valiant, more wiſe, more renowned, and more bleſt by God. Is it not more Glorious for theſe Illuſtrious Men to deſcend from theſe Creatures ſo perfect, ſo prudent, and ſo powerfull, than from ſome foul Fiend, or ſome infamous *Aſmodeus*?

Sir, (ſaid I to him) our Divines will not ſay, That the *Devil* is the Father of all thoſe Men, who are born without our know-

knowing who put them into the World. They acknowledge, that the *Devil* is a Spirit, and therefore not able to beget. *Gregory* of *Nicene*, (continued the *Count*) ſayes not ſo, for he is of opinion, that the *Devils* multiply amongſt themſelves, as Men do. VVe are not of his mind, (repli'd I) but it happens (ſay our Doctors) that —— Hold! Do not ſay (interrupted the *Count*) Do not ſay, what they ſay; for, you will alledge as they do, a very ſottiſh, and very diſhoneſt Notion. What an abominable defeat have they found out? 'Tis an aſtoniſhment to think, how they have all unanimouſly embraced this filthy Conceit, and how they have ordinarily taken pleaſure, to poſt from Whimſeys to impoſtures, to profit the lazy Brutality of ſuch as devoted themſelves to Solitarineſs, and quickly to advance the

Fame

Fame of these miraculous Men in the World, whose illustrious Memory they Celebrate from so vile an Original. Do they call this Philosophizing? Is it worthy of *God*, to say, that he has this kindness for the *Devil*, to countenance these abominations, to allow them the favour of being Fruitful, which has been refused to the greatest Saints, and to recompence these Fiends, by Creating for these Embrios of iniquity, more Heroique Souls, then for those who have been formed in the Chastity of Legitimate marriage? Is it not a disparagement to say with your Doctors, that the *Devil* can by this detestable Artifice: make a Virgin conceive during her sleep, without any prejudice to her Virginity? Which is as absurd as the story which *Thomas Aquinas*, (otherwise a most Solid Author, and who knew a little of the *Cabal*)

bal) forgetting himſelf, relates in his Sixteenth *Quodlibet*, of a Maid that lay with her Father, to whom he makes the ſame happen, as ſome of the *Heretick Rabins* ſay, happened to the Daughter of *Jeremiah*, whom they make to conceive the great Cabaliſt *Ben-Syrach*, only by going into the Bath after the Prophet. I ſhould judg, that this impertinence was imagined by ſome ——

Give me leave, Sir, to interrupt your declamation (ſaid I to him) I proteſt, that, to appeaſe you, I could wiſh our Doctors had contrived ſome other Solution, by which ſuch pure Ears as yours, might be leſſe offended: Or elſe they ſhould have utterly denyed the matter, on which the queſtion is founded.

What an Admirable expedient (replyed the *Count*) have you thought upon, which is to deny real

real things! Put the caſe that you were one of theſe great Doctors, with your Gown lined with *Ermin*, and ſuppoſe that the Bleſſed *Danhuzerus*, came to you as to the Oracle of his Religion——

At this moment, up came a Laquey to tell me, that a young Lord was come to viſit me. I would not have him ſee me by any means. (ſaid the *Count*) I beg your pardon Sir, (ſaid I to him) You may gueſs, by this Lords Name, that there is no ſhifting him off, if I ſhould ſend him word that I am not to be ſpoken with. Be pleaſed therefore to give your ſelf the trouble of going into that ſtudy. 'Tis no trouble (ſaid he) I will make my ſelf inviſible. Ah! Sir, (cry'd I) No witchcraft, I beſeech you, I do not underſtand that Sport. What ignorance is it, (ſaid the *Count*, Laughing and ſhrugging up his ſhoul-

ſhoulders) not to know, that to be inviſible, is but to put before ones ſelf, ſomething contrary to the light! He went into my ſtudy, and the young Lord came, almoſt at the ſame inſtant, into my Chamber: Of whom I Craved pardon, that I did not waite upon him up.

Diſcourſe the Fifth.

THe great Lord being gone, and I come back from waiting on him to his Coach, found the *Count of Gabalis* in my Chamber. 'Tis a great loſs to us: (ſaid he to me) that this Lord who has now taken his leave of you, muſt one day come to be

be one of the Seventy two Princes of the *Sanhadrin* of the new Law; had it not been for that, he would have been a worthy Subject for our holy *Cabal*; He has a Wit profound, quaint, vaſt, ſublime, and bold. Look here upon the *Figure of Geomancy*, which I have caſt for him, during the time that you have been talking together. I never ſaw Happyer Points, and ſuch as marked out ſo fair a Soul. Behold this **MOTHER*, VVhat Magnanimity ſhe gives him? This **DAUGHTER* will procure the Purple for him. I wiſh ill to him, and his Fortune; for this reaſon, that it takes from Phyloſophy a Subject, which perchance may ſurpaſs you. But, where were we, when he came?

**Terms of Geomancy.*

You ſpeak to me, Sir, (ſaid I) of a Bleſſed Perſon, whom I never

ver ſaw in all the *Roman Callender*; I think you called him *Danhuzerus*. Tis true, (purſued he) I remember it. I was ſaying to you, that you ſhould put your ſelf in the place of one of your Doctors, and ſuppoſe, that the bleſſed *Danhuzerus* came to lay open to you his Conſcience, and ſay to you:

Sir, I come from beyond the *Alps* to wait on you, at the report of your Wiſdome; I have a little ſcruple, which gives me ſome trouble of Conſcience. There is in a mountaine of *Italy*, a *Nymph* who keeps her Court there: a thouſand *Nymphs* ſerve her, almoſt as Beautiful as ſhe; likewiſe handſome Men, very wiſe, and very honeſt perſons. Thither they come from all the Habitable Earth; they love theſe *Nymphs*, and are beloved by them: There they lead the ſweeteſt life of the World.

They have moſt beautiful Children by thoſe whom they love. They worſhip the living *God*: They hurt no Man; And they hope for Immortality. I walked one day up this mountain, and pleaſed the Queen of the *Nymphs*: ſhe became viſible and ſhewed me her Charming Court. The *Sages*, who perceived that ſhe loved me, reſpected me almoſt, as if I had been their Prince: They exhort me to liſten and yeild my ſelf to the Sighs and Beauty of the *Nymph*. She relates her paſſion to me; Nor forgets ſhe any thing, that may touch my heart: And in fine, declares that ſhe ſhall die, if I will not Love her; and that, if I will love her, ſhe will acknowledge, her ſelf obliged to me for her Immortality. The Reaſons of thoſe Wiſe men, have convinced my Spirit, and the Attractions of the *Nymph* have gained

gained my heart. I love, I have very hopefull Children by her: But in the midſt of my Felicity, I am ſometimes troubled, when I remember, that the Church of *Rome* does not at all approve of this. I come therefore to you, Sir, to conſult you, that I may know, what this *Nymph*, theſe *Sages*, theſe *Children*, may be; and in what eſtate is my Conſcience. Come on, now Maſter Doctor, what anſwer will you make to the Lord *Danhuzerus*?

I would ſay to him, (anſwered I.) My Lord *Danhuzerus*, ſaving the Reſpect which I owe you; You are a little mad, or elſe, your Viſion is Witchcraft; Your Children, and your Miſtreſſe, are filthy Fiends; and I am of Opinion, that your Conſcience is ſeared to ſome purpoſe.

With this Anſwer, my Child, you might very well merit a Doctor's Cap: But never to be received into our Society (continued the *Count*, with a great Sigh). Behold the barbarous Diſpoſition of all the Doctors of this Age! A poor *Sylphe* dares not ſhew his Head amongſt us, but he is preſently taken for a Fiend. A *Nymph* cannot labor to become Immortal, without paſſing for an unclean Spirit: And a *Salamander* muſt not ſhew himſelf, leſt he be accounted a *Devil*; and the pure Flames, which compoſe him, for Hell-Fire, which he carryes along with him. They have contrived, that they may diſpel theſe Suſpicions, to make the Signe of the *Croſs*, when they ſhall appear; Kneel down before the Divine Names, and pronounce them too, with Reverence: And yet all theſe Precautions are vain. Nor

can

can all your Tricks ever procure, that they ſhould be reputed Enemies of *God*, whom they Adore more Religiouſly, than thoſe who fly from them.

Very good, Sir, (ſaid I to him) You think, it ſeems, that theſe People are wondrous Devout likewiſe. Very Devout, (anſwered he) and very Zealous for the *Deity*. The excellent Diſcourſes, which they make of the *Divine Eſſence*, and their admirable Prayers, do greatly Edify us. Have they Prayers too? (ſaid I to him) I ſhould be glad to ſee One of their making. 'Tis eaſie to ſatisfy you, (replyed he) and to the end, that I may clear you from having any ſuſpicion, and that you may not ſuſpect me for the Contriver of it: Liſten to that, which the *Salamander*, who anſwered in the Temple of *Delphos*, taught the *Pagans*, and which

Porphyrius relates. It contains ſublime *Theology*: And you will ſee by it, that he received not from theſe *Sage* Creatures, any other Doctrine, than that the World ſhould Worſhip the onely True *God*.

THE *Salamander's* Prayer.

IMmortal, Eternal, Unſpeakable, and Sacred Father *of all Things! who art carryed upon the Chariots of the Spheres, which alwayes rowl about. Ruler over the Etherial Armyes, where the Throne of thy Power is raiſed: from the high Top of which, Thine all-piercing Eyes behold All, and thy pure and holy Ears hear All. Help thy Children, whom thou haſt loved from the Birth of Ages. For thy Bright, thy Great, and Eternal Majeſty, ſhines above the*

the Earth, the Heavens, and the Stars. Thou art raiſed above them, Oh thou ſparkling Fire! There thou giveſt Light, and entertaineſt thy Self with thine own Splendor; and from thy Eſſence, flow forth Eternal Rivers of Light, which nouriſh thy Infinit Spirit. This Infinit Spirit produceth all Things; and makes this inexhauſtible Treaſure of Matter, which can never fail the Generation, which alwayes compaſſeth it about; by reaſon of the numberleſs Forms, with which it is pregnant, and with which thou haſt fill'd it at the Beginning. From this Spirit, do theſe moſt Holy Kings, alſo draw their original, who are round about thy Throne, and who compoſe thy Court. O Father univerſal! O Thou Holy One! O Father of Bleſſed Mortals, and Immortals! Thou haſt particularly created Powers, who are marvellouſly like to Thine eternal Thought, and to Thy adorable

Eſſence: Thou haſt eſtabliſhed them above the Angels, who declare thy Will to the World. In fine, Thou haſt created Us a third ſort of Powers, in the Elements. Our continual Exerciſe, is to praiſe Thee, and to adore Thy Diſpenſations. We burn with the Deſire of poſſeſſing Thee. O Father! O Mother, the tenderest of Mothers! O admirable Example, of the Paſſions and Tenderneſs of Mothers! O Son, the Flower of all Sons! O Form of all Forms! Soul, Spirit, Harmony, and Number of all Things!

What ſay you to this Prayer of the *Salamanders?* Is it not very Wiſe, very Lofty, and very Devout? And likewiſe very Obſcure, (anſwered I) I once heard a Preacher paraphraſe upon this; and he proved by it, that the *Devil*, beſides the other Vices which he has, is above all, a great Hypocrite.

crite. Alas! (cryed the *Count*) Then, What Recourſe have ye, to betake your ſelves to, O ye poor Elementary People! Ye tell Marvels of the Nature of *God*, Of the *Father*, Of the *Son*, Of the *Holy Ghoſt*; Of the Aſſiſtant Intelligences, Of Angels, and Of the Heavens! Ye make admirable Prayers, and ye teach them to Men: And yet after all, ye are but Fiends and Hypocrites!

Sir, (interrupted I) you do me no pleaſure at all, in invoking, on this manner, this ſort of People. Alas, my Son! (continued he) Be not troubled, that I call upon them; but that your weakneſs hinders you from admiring hereafter, that you ſaw not ſo many *Examples*, as you will wiſh you had done, of their Alliance with Men. Alas! Where is the Women, whoſe Imagination your Doctors have not Corrupted; ſo much, as that

ſhe thinks not but with Horror, on this Commerce; and trembles at the very Aſpect of a *Sylphe?* Where is the Man, who flyes not from the Sight of them, if he pretends but never ſo little to be a virtuous honeſt Man? How rarely do we find a Man of worth, who deſires their Familiarity? Nor are there any but Debauched Perſons, or Covetous, or Ambitious, or Impoſtors, who ſeek for this Honour; which yet they ſhall never attain to, I aſſure you: For, *The Fear of the Lord, is the Beginning of Wiſdom.*

What then (ſaid I) ſhall become of all theſe Airy People, ſince all ſuch as are Honeſt, are ſo ſet againſt them? Well, (ſaid he) *The Arme of* God *is not ſhortned*; and the *Devil* ſhall not draw to himſelf, all the Advantages, he hopes for, from the Ignorance and Error, which he has vented to their

their prejudice: For beſides the *Philoſophers*, who are a great number, and remedy it the beſt they can, by utterly Renouncing *Women*; *God* has permitted all theſe People, to uſe all Innocent Arts, which they can contrive, to converſe with Men, without their Knowledge. What do you tell me, Sir? (cryed I) I tell you Truth, (purſued he) Do you believe, that a *Dog* may have Children by a Woman? No, (anſwered I.) Nor a *Munky?* (added he) Neither, (replyed I.) Nor a *Bear?* (continued he) Neither *Dog*, nor *Munkey*, nor *Bear*, (ſaid I to him.) For that is impoſſible, without all doubt: 'Tis againſt Nature, againſt Reaſon, and againſt Common Senſe. Very good, (ſaid the *Count*) But are not the Kings of the *Goths*, deſcended from a *Bear*, and a *Swediſh* Princeſs? 'Tis true, (ſaid I)

the

the Hiſtory ſayes it. And were not the *Peguſians*, and *Syonians* of *India*, (reply'd he) Born from a *Dog*, and a *Woman?* I have read that too, (ſaid I to him.) And had not that *Portugeſs* Woman, (continued he) who was expoſed in a Deſart *Iſland*, Children by a great *Munkey?* Our Divines, Sir, (ſaid I) anſwer to that, That the *Devil*, taking the Shape of theſe Beaſts —— You are going to alledge again, (interrupted the *Count*) the Nonſenſical Imaginations of your Authors. Pray, comprehend once for all, that the *Sylphes*, ſeeing themſelves taken for *Devils*, when they appear in Human Shape, to diminiſh this Averſion, which is had againſt them, take the Shapes of theſe Beaſts; and ſo addreſs themſelves to the wanton Frailty of *Women*; who are affrighted at a Lovely *Sylphide*, but not at a *Dog*, or

Munkey.

Munkey. I could tell you many Tales of your little *Bolognian Dogs*, and certain pretty *Ladyes* in the World: But I have a greater Secret to teach you.

Know, my Son, that many a one thinks himſelf the Son of a *Man*, who is the Son of a *Sylphe*. Another thinks, that he is in Bed with his *Wife*; and without ever knowing it, he Immortalized a *Sylphe*. This *Woman* ſuppoſes, that ſhe is Embracing her *Huſband*; and ſhe is Hugging betwixt her Arms, a *Salamander*: And that *Girle* durſt ſwear when ſhe awakes, that ſhe is a *Virgin*; that has had in her Sleep, an Honour that ſhe little dreamt on. So the *Devil*, and the *Ignorants*, are equally abuſed.

Well, (ſaid I) But could not the *Devil* awaken that ſleeping Maid, to hinder this *Salamander* from becoming Immortal? He could

could do it, (replyed the *Count*) if the *Sages* did not take an order for that: But we teach all theſe People, the way to bind the *Devils*, and to make Oppoſition to their ſubtil Endeavours. Did I not tell you, the other day, That the *Sylphes*, and the other Lords of the Elements, were very Happy, when we ſhewed them the *Cabal?* Were it not for us, the *Devil*, their great Enemy, would ſorely diſquiet them; and they would be hard put to it, to Immortalize themſelves, without the Maids knowing it.

I cannot (replyed I) ſufficiently admire the profound Ignorance we live in: We always believed, that the Powers of the Air, do often aſſiſt Lovers, in attaining what they deſired: And it ſeems, the thing is clearly otherwiſe; For the Powers of the Air, have need of the Aſſiſtance of Men, to ſerve them

them in their Amours. 'Tis juſt as you ſay, my Son, (purſued the *Count*) The *Sages* give Succour to theſe poor People; without them, Alas, too unhappy, and too feeble, to reſiſt the *Devil:* For, when a *Sylphe* has learnt of us, to pronounce Cabaliſtickly the powerful Name of *NEHMAHMIHAH*; and to joyne in form, with the moſt delicious Name *ELIAEL*, all the Powers of Darkneſs, take their Flight; and the *Sylphe* enjoyes peacably, that which he Loves.

So was that ingenious *Sylphe* immortalized, who took upon him the ſhape of the Lover of a Lady of *Sevil*; The Hiſtory is well enough known. The Young *Spaniſh Lady* was faire; but as Cruel, as Fair. A *Caſtillian Gentleman*, who loved her to no purpoſe, took a Reſolution one morning, to leave her, without ſpeaking

ing to her; and to Travel, till ſuch time as he ſhould be cured of his unprofitable paſſion. A *Sylphe* finding this *Faire one* to his likeing, thought it his beſt courſe, to lay hold on this opportunity; and Arming himſelf with all that, which one of our *Sages* had taught him, to defend himſelf with, againſt the Stratagems, which the *Devil*, envious of his good fortune, might contrive for the diſappointing him. He goes to ſee the Gentlewoman taking the ſhape of her abſent Lover. He complaines, ſighs, and is repulſed: He preſſes, he Sollicites, he perſeveres. After many Months, he works upon her, makes himſelf beloved; he perſwades; and in ſhort, is happy. There was born from their Loves, a Son, whoſe Birth was kept ſecret; and the Addreſſe of this Aeryal Lover, managed privately, from the knowledge

knowledge of her Parents. The Love continues; and ſhe is bleſſed with a ſecond Great Belly. In the mean time, the Gentleman cured by Abſence, comes back, to *Sevil*; and impatient to ſee his inhumane Miſtreſſe again, makes all the haſt he could to tell her; That at laſt, he is in a condition of Diſpleaſing her no more; and that he is come to declare to her, that he had done Loving her.

Imagine, if you pleaſe, the Aſtoniſhment of this young Woman; Her Tears, her Reproaches, and their Surprizing Dialogue: She affirmes, that ſhe has made him happy: Which he denys, And would have reminded him, that their Child was in ſuch a place; that he is the Father of it; and that ſhe is bigg of another, which he is alſo Father of. He is obſtinate, to diſown all. She

Throws

Throws her ſelf againſt the ground, and Teares her Haires: The Parents come running in at her Crys, the deſperate Lover continues her Complaints, and Invectives. The Gentleman produces Teſtimony, that he had been abſent the ſpace of two years. The firſt Child is ſought for, and found; and the ſecond was born in the right Term.

And what part plaid the Airy-Lover, (interrupted I) all this while? I ſee well enough, (anſwered the *Count*) that you are diſpleaſed, that he ſhould forſake his Miſtreſſe, leaving her to the Rigour of her Parents, and to the Fury of the Inquiſitors. But he had reaſon to complain of her: She was not devout enough; for when theſe Gentlemen immortalize themſelves, they work ſeriouſly, and live very holily; That they looſe not the Right, which they came

came to acquire of Soveraign good: So they would have the perſon, to whom they are allied, live with exemplary innocence; as may be ſeen, in that Famous Adventure of *A Young Lord of Bavaria.*

He was not to be comforted for the Death of his Wife, whom he loved paſſionatly; A *Sylphide* was adviſed by one of our *Sages*, to take upon her the ſhape of this Woman: She was perſwaded to it, and preſents her ſelf to the afflicted young Man, ſaying; That *God* had raiſed her from the dead again, to comfort him in his extream Affliction. They live together many years, and had many Lovely Children together: But the young Man was not ſo honeſt, as he ſhould be, to retain his diſcreet *Sylphide.* He ſwore, and ſpoke lewd uncivil Words: She reproved him

ſome-

ſometimes. But ſeeing that her Cautions were unprofitable, ſhe vaniſhed one day from him, and left him nothing but her Cloaths, and the Repentance of his not having followed her Holy Councels. Thus you ſee (my Son) that the *Sylphes* have ſometimes reaſon to vaniſh away: And you ſee, that the *Devil* cannot hinder, any more than your Capricious Doctors, the People of the *Elements*, that they ſhould not labour, with ſucceſs, to their immortality, when they are aſſiſted by ſome of our *Sages*.

But, in good earneſt, Sir, (ſaid I) Are you perſwaded, that the *Devil* is ſo great an Enemy, to theſe Suborners of Pretty *Maidens*? A mortal Enemy, (ſaid the *Count*) eſpecially to *Sylphes*, *Nymphs*, and *Salamanders*. But, as for the *Gnomes* or *Pharyes*, he does not hate them ſo much, becauſe they, as I believe,

believe, you have heard ſay, affrighted by the Terrible diſtraction, which the *Devil's* make in the Center of the Earth, chooſe rather to live Mortals, than run the Riſque of being ſo Tormented, if they ſhould acquire Immortality. Hence it comes to paſs, that the *Gnomes*, and the *Devil's* their Neighbours, have a very great Commerce. They perſwade theſe *Gnomes*, who are naturally great Friends of Man, that it is to do him great ſervice, and to deliver him from great perril, in obliging him to renounce this Immortality. By this, they ingage them to furniſh him, whom they can perſwade to this Renunciation, with all the mony which he ſhall demand; To prevent the dangers, which might threaten his life, during a certain time, or ſome ſuch other Condition, as ſhall beſt pleaſe the

the Man or Woman, with whom they make this unhappy Compact. So the *Devil*, wicked as he is, by his Treaty with this *Gnome*, makes the Soul of a man become Mortal, and deprives it of the right of Eternal Life.

How Sir! (cryed I) These compacts, in your opinion, of which the *Demonographes* relate so many examples, are they not with the *Devil*? No surely (continued the *Count*) has not the Prince of the World, been chased out of it? Is he not shut up? Is he not bound? Is he not curſed and damned from off the earth, and Throne down to remain at the bottom of the work of the Supreme Architect; can he mount up into the Region of Light, and there make his concentred Darkneſs reſplendant? No, He can do nothing againſt man. He can

only

only inſpire the *Gnomes*, who are his Neighbours, to make theſe propoſitions to ſuch men whom he moſt fears may be ſaved, to the end that their Soul may die with their Body.

Then do you believe, (added I) that the Souls dye? They dye, My Child (anſwered he). And thoſe who make theſe compacts (purſued I) are not they damned? They cannot be (ſaid he) for their Soul dies with their body. They are quitted then at an eaſie rate (continued I) and are but ſlightly puniſhed for having committed ſo Enormous a Crime, as renouncing their Baptiſme, and the death of Chriſt.

Do you eſteem it (replyed the *Count*) a ſlight puniſhment to reenter into the Black Abyſs of Nothing? Know that it is a far greater pain, than to be damned; for there is ſtill a remainder of Mercy,

Mercy, in the Juſtice which God exerciſes againſt ſinners in Hell. Since it is a great favour not to conſume them in the Fire which burns them. To be Nothing, is a greater Miſery, than to be in *Hell:* This is the Doctrine, which the *Sages* Preach to the *Gnomes*, when they call them together, to make them underſtand, what an Injury they do themſelves, to prefer Death before Immortality; and Nothing, before the Hope of Eternal Happyneſs; which they juſtly might lay claim to, if they would ally themſelves with men, and not Solicite theſe Criminal Renunciations. Some of them who believe, we marry to our Daughters.

Do you preach the Goſpel then to theſe Subteranean people? Sir (ſaid I to him). Why ſhould we not? (replyed he) We are their Doctors, as well as of the other

other People of the *Fire*, of the *Air*, and of the *Water:* For the *Philoſophick Charity*, is extended indifferently to all the Children of *God*. For, as they are now ſubtil, and more clear, than commonly the Children of Men; ſo are they more Docible, and more capable of Diſcipline, & liſten to the Divine Truths, with an Attention and Reſpect which aſtoniſhes us.

It muſt needs be a Raviſhing Sight, (ſaid I, ſmiling) to ſee a *Roſy-Cruſian Philoſopher*, in a Chair preaching to all theſe little Gentle-Folke. You ſhall have the Pleaſure of it, my Son, when you pleaſe, (ſaid the *Count*.) And if you deſire it, I will aſſemble them this very Evening, and Preach to them at Midnight. At Midnight (cryed I!) I have heard ſay, that That is the Hour of their *Sabbath*. At this the *Count* fell a

Laughing: You put me in mind (ſaid he) of all the Fooleries, which *Demonographers* relate, concerning this Buſineſs of their Imaginary *Sabbath*. I could wiſh, for the rarity of the Conceipt, that you would believe them too.

Alas! For thoſe Tales of the *Sabbath*, (replyed I) I do not believe one of them. You do well, my Son, (ſaid he) for (once more I muſt tell you) the *Devil* has not the Power to ſport himſelf ſo with Mankind, nor to treat or correſpond with them; much-leſs, to make himſelf Adored, as the *Inquiſitors* believe. That which has given Riſe to this Popular Report, is, That the *Sages* (as I have been telling you) aſſembling the Inhabitants of the *Elements*, to Preach to them the *Myſteries* of the *Secret Sciences*, and their *Morality*: And as it ordinarily happens, that ſome *Gnome*, being

being convinced of his groſs Error, and apprehending the Horror of being reduced to Nothing, conſents to his Immortalization: Then has he a pritty Maid given him, is Marryed; and the Wedding Celebrated with all the Rejoycing, wch ſo great a Conqueſt, as has then newly been made, requires. Theſe are thoſe Revellings, and Tokens of Joy, which *Ariſtotle* ſays, were heard in certain *Iſlands*; where nevertheleſs, they could not ſee any Body. The Great *Orpheus* was the firſt, who convocated the *Subterranean People*: At his firſt Sermon, *Sabaſius* the Antienteſt of the *Gnomes*, was Immortalized; And it was from this *Sabaſius*, that this Aſſembly took its Name; in which the *Sages* addreſſed their Diſcourſes to him, ſo long as he Lived: As it appears in the *Hymns* of the Divine *Orpheus*. The Ignorant have

confounded theſe Things; and taken occaſion to make a thouſand Impertinent Stories, and to deſcribe an Aſſembly, which we convoque not, but to the Glory of the *Soveraign Being*.

I did never imagine, that this *Sabbath* (ſaid I to him) had been an Aſſembly for *Devotion*: Yet it is (continued he) a moſt Holy, and moſt *Cabaliſtick* one: Which the World will not eaſily be perſwaded to. But ſuch is the Deplorable Blindneſs of this unjuſt Age, that Men ſtill do beſot themſelves with a vulgar Report, & will not ſuffer themſelves to be undeceived. The *Sages* have a fine time of it, that the *Sots* are believed before them. A *Philoſopher* would have a worthy Task, to take a Survey of all the abſurd Falſities, and *Chymæras*, which have been forged; and to give manifeſt Proofs againſt them. For, whatſoever Experience, or what-

whatſoever ſolid Reaſon he might imploy, Should there but come a Man in a Square Cap, and write underneath, *This is Falſe*; Experience and Demonſtration have no more Force; and it is no more in the Power of Truth, to Re-eſtabliſh its Empire: Men will believe this Square Cap, before their own Eyes.

The Famous Cabaliſt *Zedechias*, was moved in his Spirit, in the Reign of your King *Pepin*, to Convince the World, that the *Elements* are Inhabited by all theſe People, whoſe Nature I have been deſcribing to you. The Expedient to bring all this about, was in this manner; He adviſed the *Sylphs*, to ſhew themſelves in the Air to all the World. They did it with great Magnificence: Theſe Creatures appearing in the Air, in Human Shape; Sometimes ranged in Battle,

Marching in good Order, or ſtanding to their Arms, or Encamped under moſt Majeſtick Pavillions: At other times, on Airy Ships of an Admirable Structure, whoſe Flying Navy was toſt about at the Will of the *Zephirus*'s. Well, and what was the Iſſue of all this? Do you think, that this Ignorant Age fell into a Conſultation, about the Nature of theſe Marvellous Spectacles? The People preſently believed, that they were *Sorcerers*, who had gotten a Power in the Air, there to exerciſe their Conjurations, and to make it Hail upon their Corn-Fields. The Learned Men, the Divines, and the Lawyers, were preſently of the ſame Opinion with the Rabble. The Emperors alſo believed; and this Ridiculous *Chymæra* got ſuch Credit amongſt All, that the Wiſe *Charlemaine*, and after him *Lewis* the *Debonaire* inflicted grievous

vous Torments on all thoſe pretended *Tyrants* of the *Air*. See this in the *Firſt Chapter of the Capitularies* of theſe two Emperors.

The *Sylphs*, ſeeing the People, the *Pedants*, and the Crowned Heads alſo, thus taking up Arms againſt them, reſolved to make them loſe this Evil Opinion, which they had of their Innocent Fleet; and to manifeſt themſelves wholly and clearly to Men in all Places; to let them ſee their Beautiful Wives, their Common-Wealth, and their Government; and then to come down into the Earth, in divers Parts of the World. They did, as they had projected; and the People who ſaw theſe Men deſcend, remove thither from all Places, already poſſeſſed with an Opinion, that they were *Sorcerers*, who had left their Companions, to throw Poyſon upon their Fruits, and into

their Wells: Being tranſported with the Fury which Inſpired them with ſuch Imaginations, they dragged theſe *Innocents* to Puniſhment. It is incredible, what a great Number of them were made to ſuffer by Fire, and Water, over all this Kingdom.

It chanced one Day amongſt others, that at *Lyons*, there was ſeen to deſcend from one of theſe Airy Ships, Three Men, and a Woman: All the City gathered together about them; crying that they are *Magicians*, and that *Grimoaldus, the Duke of Bennevent*, the Enemy of *Charlemaine*, ſent them to deſtroy the Harveſt of the *French*. The Four *Innocents* ſaid what they could, for their Juſtification; that they were of that Country; that they had but a little while ſince, been carryed up into the Air by Miraculous Men, who had cauſed them to ſee

un-

unheard-of Wonders; and had intreated them to give a Relation of them. The inraged People would not hear their Defence, but went about to Burn them; when it happened, that the good Man, *Agobard*, afterwards Biſhop of *Lyons*, who was a *Monk* in this City, and having acquired a great Authority amongſt them, paſſing by, came to appeaſe the Tumult: And after hearing the Peoples Accuſation, and the Defence of the Accuſed, gravely declared, that both one, and the other were falſe: That theſe People had not deſcended down out of the Air; and that, what the others affirmed to have ſeen, was impoſſible.

The People believing more what their good Father *Agobard*, had ſaid, than their own Eyes, were Appeaſed, ſet at Liberty the Four Ambaſſadors of the *Sylphs*, and received with Admiration,

the Book which *Agobard* writ, for Confirmation of the Sentence, which he had given: So the Teſtimony of the Four Witneſſes, became invalid.

In the mean time, they having eſcaped the Puniſhment, were at Liberty to relate what they had ſeen; the which was not altogether without Fruit: For, if you well remember, that Age of *Charlemaine* was very fruitful in *Heroick* Men: For it may be conjectured, that the *Woman*, who had been amongſt the *Sylphs*, found Belief amongſt the Ladies of that Time. So that, by the Grace of *God*, many *Sylphes* were Immortalized: Many *Sylphides* alſo became Immortal, by the Relation which theſe Three Men gave of their Beauty; which thing induced the People of thoſe Times, to apply themſelves to *philoſophy*, more than before. And hence

hence proceeded all thoſe Stories of *Fees*, or *Fairies*, which you find in the Amorous Legends of that Age of *Charlemaine*, and his *Court*. All thoſe pretended *Fees*, were *Sylphides* and *Nymphs*. Have you read theſe Stories of *Heroes* and *Fees?* No, Sir, (ſaid I to him.)

I am ſorry for it (continued he) for they would have given you ſome *Idea* of the State, to which the *Sages* have reſolved one day to reduce the World. Thoſe Heroick men, thoſe amours of the *Nimphs*, thoſe journies to the Terreſtial Paradice, thoſe inchanted Pallaces and Groves, and and all thoſe charming adventures which there we read of, are but a little *Idea* of the life which the *Sages* lead, and of what the World ſhall be, when they ſhall make Wiſdom raign therein. None ſhall be ſeen there but *Heroes*; the meaneſt of our Children, ſhall have

have the force of *Zoroaſter*, *Apollonius*, or *Melchiſedeck*, and the greateſt part of them, ſhall be accompliſhed as the Children which *Adam* had had by *Eve* if he had not ſinned with her.

Did you not tell me Sir (interrupted I) that God would not that *Adam* and *Eve* ſhould have had Children; that *Adam* ſhould only have meddled with the *Sylphides*, and that *Eve* ſhould not ſo much as think on any but the *Sylphs*, or the *Salamanders*? 'Tis true (ſaid the Count) they ought not to have got Children, by that way which they did. Does your *Cabal* then Sir (continued I) teach ſome invention for Man and Woman to make Children otherwiſe than by the ordinary Method? Yes, believe me, does it (Anſwered he). I beſeech you Sir (purſued I) do me the favour to teach it me. Hold, Sir, you ſhall not know

that

that to day, an't pleaſe you. (Said he to me ſmiling) I will revenge the People of the Elements, on you, for having had ſo great trouble to undeceive you, of their being thought Devils. I doubt not but you are now come out of your Panick fears. I leave you therefore, to give you leaſure to meditate, and deliberate before God, which ſpecies of Elementary ſubſtances, it will be propereſt for his Glory, and for yours, to make ſharer of your Immortality.

I ſhall go, in the mean time, to recollect my ſelf a little, in order to the diſcourſe which you have put me upon making to the *Gnomes*, to night. Do you go (ſaid I) do expound to them, ſome Chapter of *Averroes*. I believe (ſaid the Count) that from thence might be drawn a very good ſubject; for I have a deſign to preach to them

them of the excellence of Man, to induce them to ſeek out for an alliance with us. And *Averroes* after *Ariſtotle* has held two things, which it would be well that I ſhould clear. The one is of the nature of the underſtanding, & the other is of the *Sovereign Good*. He ſays, that there is but one ſole Underſtanding Created, which is the Image of the Uncreated, and that this only Underſtanding ſuffices for all men: This requires explanation. And concerning the Soveraign good, *Averroes* ſays, that it conſiſts in the converſation of Angels; which is not *Cabaliſtick* enough. For Man during this life, may, and is Created to enjoy God, as you will ere long perceive; and as you will make tryal of, when you ſhall be in the Rank of the *Sages*.

So ended the Diſcourſe with the Count of *Gabalis*. He came

again

again the next morning, and brought me the Sermon which he had made to the *Subterranean* People: 'Tis very marvellous! I would give it you, with the remainder of the entertainment which a *Viſcounteſs* and I had with this great Man, if I were ſure that all my Readers had a right underſtanding, and would not take it ill, that I ſhould divertiſe my ſelf at the expence of Fools. If I ſee that they will oblige my Book, as much as it will do others; and that they do not do me the unjuſtice to ſuſpect me, as though I would give credit to the ſecret Sciences under pretence of making them Ridiculous; I may continue to make my ſelf merry with the Count of *Gabalis*, and ſuddainly give you another Tome.

THE

THE TRANSLATOR'S Animadversions ON THE Foregoing Discourses.

I *Have ventur'd to Translate, at my vacant Hours, (being much affected at the odd Curiosity of the* Cabalistick Sciences) *this Tract, somewhat resembling a* Philosophick Romance, *as Fabulous and Weak, as an Old* Monk's Legend. *In it, you will find the* Cabalist *to be a miserable Blind Creature, fit for a Dog and a Bell; yet in his own Conceit, more seeing than all the World, and best qualifyed for the Office of a Guide: Much Devoted to idle Traditions; by which crooked Line, he measures* Religion *and* Reason: *A great Hater of* Women; *yet much addicted to Venery, in a* Philosophick *Way. In a word, A Creature of much Chol-*

Choler, and little Brains. The Madneſs of him, may make you Laugh; but his Folly, will ſometimes grieve you.

I preſume, none but a French-Man, *would at firſt, have taken the pains to Collect, and give ſuch Credit to theſe* Cabaliſtick *Whymſeys, as my* Author *ſeems to do: That Nation being ſo Airy, and ſo Amorous, may boaſt it ſelf, if it pleaſe, ſprung from the* Sylphes, *thoſe Brisk Inhabitants of the Air, mentioned in this fore-going Treatiſe. I ſhall not envy them, if they ſay,* Pharamond, *the Founder of their Kingdom, was Begot by the Salamander* Oromaſis, *or any other of his Fiery Succeſſors; who for his GLORY only, ſhall make offenſive Wars upon his peaceful Neighbors; and whil'ſt he Lives, ſhall be the Incendiary of* Europe, *to gain after Death, the Name of* Nimrod, *a* Mighty Hunter: *That Nations may be ſaid, like* Hares, *to have fled before him. Yet, to the Comfort of an* Engliſh-Man, *the* Greek *Hiſtorians tell us, That* Xerxes, *who ſayled upon the Continent, and walked upon the Deep; who was ſo imprudent, as to whip* Neptune, *and to bluſter with the* North-Wind; *was at laſt, eaſily beaten*

beaten by the People; who truſted, by the Order of Providence, in Wooden-Walls. *But, as to this* Cabaliſtick Diſcourſe, *which my* French-Man *has gathered for us, with pretence of deriding it; but indeed does not, to much purpoſe; ſeeming rather, like ſome Habitual Lyar, by long Continuation in Falſhood, not to obſerve it; It may not be unfit to anſwer its vain* Hypotheſis, *from Authors; as it pretends to defend it ſelf, in abuſe of them.*

Heathen *Writers, both* Philoſophers *and* Poets, *never make mention, but of two Intellectual Beings, beſides the Gods;* viz. *the* Demi-Gods, *and the* Souls of Men. *The* Semidei *were always eſteemed by them Immortal, from the good Pleaſure of* Jupiter; *whom* Plato *introduces, ſpeaking to them thus:* Vos quidem, Immortales eſſe non poteſtis, ſed mea poteſtate Immortales eritis. You indeed may be Mortal; but through my good Pleaſure, you ſhall be Immortal. *As to the* Souls of Men, *becauſe upon ſolid Reaſons, they could not deny their Immortality; and ſince they were not able to underſtand the Circumſtances of our future State, they were neceſ-*

neceſſitated (*not knowing how to diſpoſe of the* Souls of Men *after Death*) *either to allow of* Pythagoras *his* Tranſmigration, *which was a Marching of the Immortal Tenant, from one Houſe to another, after its Leaſe was expired: Or elſe, according to* Virgil, *who had it from* Plato, *That the* Soul *deſired to be Incarnate again, after its Purgation in the* Elizian Fields.

Rurſus & incipiunt in Corpora velle reverti.

But in all Ages, Speculative Men in their niceſt Metaphyſicks, *could never be thought well in their Wits; who preſumed the Exiſtence of* Semi-homines, Half-Men, *and* Women, *that inhabited the Elements, Creatures compounded of Material Souls and Bodyes, Inferior, yet Superior to Man, in Faculties and Powers. Strange Contradiction! That Beings, conſiſting only of Mater, ſhould act impoſſibly againſt their Nature: Since Mater, according to the Axioms, and Statute-Laws of all* Philoſophers, *whether* Academicks, Peripateticks, Stoicks, *or* Cynicks, *is not able to act, or think really. Now, to over-throw the Aſſertion of theſe* Elementary People

at

at once; and by undermining the Foundation, to deſtroy the Superſtructure: Let us conſider, what can be more Abſurd, or Fallacious in Logick, *and* Philoſophy, *than to beg a Principle of a Thing, that cannot be; and then to faſten a Concluſion, from moſt Erroneous Premiſes. To propoſe a Creature, whoſe Eſſence and Form is Mortal, and conſequently Material; Yet at the ſame time, to make this Creature Divine in its Faculties, Acute in its Operations, and Superior to Man in its Underſtanding, either as to Divine, or Human Objects; which can proceed from nothing, but an Immortal, and Immaterial Cauſe. Let any thinking Perſon judge, whether ſuch Notions do not more deſerve* Hellibore, *to purge them, than Diſputation to confute them? And, whether* Bedlam *be not the fitteſt* Accademy, *for the Believers?*

This Cabaliſtick *Fancy, certainly in its Original, ſeems exactly to mimick the Follies of the* Alcoran. *The Poets of old feigned three* Gods, *to piſs in an Oxes Hide, to make the famous* Orion: *So the Ingredients of* Arianiſm, Judaiſm, *and* Ethuiciſm *compoſed a Reli-*

Religion obliging to the Carnal Turk; *Thus a Prophane Interpreter of the Old and New Teſtament, with the falſe conceptions of Heathen Philoſophy, ſoon degenerate into a* Cabaliſt. *Sometimes the Venial Follies of many paſſages Created Laughter in me; But I was grieved at the rambling Prophanation of ſome places of Holy Scripture:*

Pinge duos Angues Sacer eſt locus. *Perſ.*

Amongſt others, as to his perverting the ſence of Adams *eating the Apple, to lying with his Wife. I will gravely, if it be neceſſary, make Anſwer in the Orthodox words of St.* Auguſtine, De Civit: Dei. Lib. 14. Cap. 26. Præoccupante peecato, exilium de Paradiſo ante meruerunt, quam in opere ferendæ propaginis tranquillo arbitrio convenirent. They firſt ſinned, and were baniſhed out of Paradice, before they attempted the propagation of poſterity.

Then if theſe Elementary People, by nature, are Good, Juſt, Holy, and Honourers of God; How dare they rob him of his Honour, by permitting the application of it, to themſelves? as in this

ſtory

ſtory, amongſt other Unſcholaſtick Errours, of Hiſtory and Chronology.

Oromaſis, *according to their Chymæras, being* Prince *of the People which inhabit the* Fire, *had two Children, by* Veſta *the Wife of* Noah, *viz.* Zoroaſter *and* Egeria. Zoroaſter *a great* Hero, *and the* Inventer of Magick is reported by Juſtin *to have been* King *of the* Bactrians, *yet was overcome by* Ninus, *for all his magick and valour, living after this computation about the end of* Noahs *Life. Now, how doe the* Cabaliſts *know,* Noahs *Wife,* (*ſuppoſing her name was* Veſta) *not to be dead before her Son* Zoroaſter *was Born; and if* Juſtin *miſtakes, as 'tis very probable,* he may, *and calls him* Zoroaſter, *whom* Cteſias *calls* Oxiartes King *of the* Bactrians: *For* Pliny *doubts very much, whither magick be of ſo long a ſtanding, and if* Xanthus the Lydian *a very Ancient writer reckons but* 600. *Years between* Zoroaſter *and* Xerxes; *Then* Zoroaſter *muſt live an Hundred Years after the* Wars of Troy, *and our* Cabaliſt *muſt look for another* Hero, *or elſe conclude the Son to be Born* 800. *Years after* Noah's *Wife was dead, preſuppo-*

ſing

ſing ſhe lived as long as Noah.

But then, How could Egeria *the Daughter, mentioned to be Born in the Ark, Live till the time of* Numa Pompilius, *whoſe miſtreſs ſhe was, though very old, of about* 1600 *Years ſtanding.*

For is it reaſonable, that ſhe ſhould laſt out ſo long? ſince the Offspring of theſe Elementary *People being Men and Women, and of mixt ſubſtances muſt not unproportionably exceed the Common life of Man. For* Rome *was built about* 1194. *Years after the Death of* Noah; *Therefore I would always adviſe* Romantick *and* Cabaliſtick *Writers, if they would have Fables paſs ſmoothly, to avoid groſs abſurdities in Hiſtory and Chronology: Beſides, according to them, this* Egeria *impiouſly inſtructed her Lover, (contrary to the pretended deſire, or piety of the* Elementary *People) to Worſhip her Father* Oromaſis, *under the Type of the* Veſtal Fire. *Thus you ſee how all things of Divinity and Humanity are made a* Chaos.

——— Congeſtaque eodem
Non bene junctarum diſcordia ſemina rerum.

As

As to the Oracles, where my Author ſeems moſt pleaſed: 'Tis very eaſy to prove, who inſpired them, but I will confute the Cabaliſt, *from* Porphyrius, *becauſe he affects him ſo much. He lays down in the preceding book for a maxim; That the Devil is not at Liberty, to ramble at his pleaſure; nor could it be he, that ſpake in Oracles; for he never would ſay any thing againſt his own Intereſt, as he muſt, if it were the Devil that pronounced them; Therefore that the Oracle muſt be ſpoke by ſome one of the* Elementary *People, who, knowing God, ſpake ſo reverently of him. To this I propoſe but one Oracle out of* Porphyrius; *and if he will grant any of the* Elementary *People to ſpeak it, I am ſatisfied, and muſt conclude them, (if he can prove their being) to be worſe than Devils.*

Porphyrius *in his Book* Περὶ Θεολογίας Φιλοσοφίας, *ſays that enquiring of* Apollo, *to what Deity he ſhould Sacrifice, for the reducing of his Wife from Chriſtianity; The* Dæmon *anſwered in Greek Verſe, according to this ſence.*

You may ſooner write upon the Water, or by ſtretching out your Wings, Fly like a Bird through the Air, than recover the ſences of your wicked Wife, once polluted after that manner. Let her go where ſhe pleaſes, perſevering in her empty fallacies, ſinging Hymns to her Crucified God, with moſt vain lamentations, whom upright Judges Condemned, and an Ignominious Death deſtroyed.

I will not pretend, in this place, to meddle with this Curſed Porphyrius, *ſince St.* Auguſtine *has done it ſo fully for me already in this caſe.* De Civ. Dei. Lib. 19. Cap. 23.

Now if the Devil ſpake here, the Cabaliſt *is undone, and if a* Sylph *uttered this, he is as much Gravelled, therefore according to his own precarious ſuppoſition, let him avoid the* Dilemma *if he can.*

I will detain the Reader no longer, only let him as he reads this, or any piece of this kind, both laugh and wonder, at the extravagant boldneſs of

Mans

Mans imagination, and think in what danger of Shipwrack, that Veſſel is, which has too much Sail and too little Ballaſt. Laſtly, That the ſafeſt way in Divine and Humane ſpeculations will be to try all things, at GODS SACRED ORACLES, which make a Man the beſt Philoſopher, and beſt Chriſtian.

——— Exemplaria Sacra
Nocturna verſate manu, verſate diurna.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 6. line 23. read *Devoto*. p. 8. l. 24. r. *German Lord*. p. 10. l. 20. r. *in of a moſt*. p. 40. l. ult. r. *Theophraſtus Bombaſt*. p. 43. l. 4. for *which* r. *whom*. p. 42. l. 8. for *of this Judgment* r. *in this Point*. p. 85. l. 5. r. *unpowerful exhalation*. ibid. l. 19. r. *Man*. p. 88. l. 3. r. *his Folly*. p. 92. l. 17. *Daimonas*. p. 95. l. 16. for *ſeen* r. *heard of*. p. 96. r. *Rodrigo*. p. 114. r. *the one & twentyeth Chap*. p. 115. l. 22. for *Loyns* r. *Loves*. p. 116. r. *Numa Pompilius*. *Tranſlat. Animadv*. pag. 2. lin. 27. for *Imprudent* read *Impudent*.